The Outlook

Volume 78 Saturday, November 26, 1904 Number 13

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

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LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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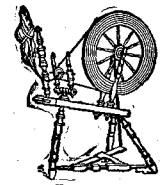

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904

Purchasing a Postmastership

A controversy has arisen over the postmastership of Haverhill, Massachusetts, which is both entertaining and important enough to deserve the attention of the entire country. On the one hand, it has served to expose the laughable folly which some machine politicians will commit in pursuit of their theory that our governmental system rests upon the prosperity of the brokerage business in public offices; and, on the other, it has drawn from President Roosevelt an admirable statement of the sound principle upon which appointments to Presidential offices should be made. Congressman A. P. Gardner, who is a son-in-law of Senator Lodge, wanted the President to appoint a candidate named Charles M. Hoyt to the postmastership of Haverhill. Attorney-General Moody, of the President's Cabinet, had recommended the reappointment of H. L. Pinkham, the present efficient and universally commended incumbent of the office. Mr. Roosevelt decided upon the latter appointment, whereupon Mr. Gardner wrote to the President insisting upon the "privilege" which belonged to him, Gardner, of choosing the postmaster. In a letter to Mr. Moody he said: "If my *selection* [the italics are ours] of a postmaster is not confirmed, my own good faith in the matter will be doubted." In Mr. Gardner's contest for his Congressional seat Mr. Hoyt had rendered him great service, and Mr. Gardner openly states that he had promised him the postmastership in return for those services. It seems almost hopeless either to reprimand or to argue with a man who takes this view of the method by which the administrative business of the Government should be carried on. But, fortunately, President Roosevelt takes quite the opposite view, and he has written a letter to Congressman Gardner containing all the sound patriotism and all the business good judgment and common sense which Mr. Gardner's letters and statements thus far published in the controversy so manifestly lack. In writing to Mr. Moody, Mr. Gardner used the following phrase; "It is not a parallel case in Massachusetts to those other States where Senators select the postmasters. In Massachusetts it has been understood that a Congressman shall select the postmaster in the cities and towns in his own district."

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The President's Reply

To this extraordinary pronunciamento the President has made a courteous though very decisive reply, to the whole of which we wish we could give space. One passage in his reply, however, must be quoted in full:

> You speak of your "privilege of naming the Haverhill postmaster." In your letter to Mr. Moody you say, "It is not a parallel case in Massachusetts to those other States where Senators select the postmasters. In Massachusetts it has been understood that a Congressman shall select the postmasters in the cities and towns in his own district." To clear up any possible misapprehension, I would like, at the outset, to say that the Senators do not "select" postmasters in any State while I am President. I consult them always, and in the vast majority of cases act on the recommendations they make; but the selection is mine, not theirs, and time and again during the three years I have been President I have positively refused to select individuals suggested to me for nomination as postmaster by various Senators. If I am not satisfied with the character and standing of the man whose name is suggested to me, I never nominate him. I understand perfectly that under the first article of the Constitution the Senators are part of the appointing power, and that they have the same right to reject that I have to nominate, and that therefore the appointment must represent an agreement between them and me; and as the acquaintance of the Senator with his State is always much greater than the knowledge of the President can possibly be, it is the normal and natural thing that I should listen to his advice as to these appointments, and

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I generally do so. But I stop listening to it as soon as I realize that he is advising me wrongly.

Congressman Gardner must have had a much greater confidence in his own political and personal powers than the results of his controversy with the President justify, or a much less intimate acquaintance with the President than he is commonly supposed to enjoy, if he thought that he could, or that any other Congressman can, insist with impunity that the President's prerogative of appointment must be subordinated to a fancied Congressional prerogative of paying political debts with public offices.

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Mr. Morley on Free Trade

The first appearance of Mr. John Morley in New York City, at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce at Delmonico's, on Tuesday night of last week, was the occasion for a characteristically frank utterance of one of the most sincere, direct, and high-minded Englishmen of his time, and for an expression of American good will and cordiality rarely made even in this day of growing international good feeling. Speaking before a company of men who represented in an unusual way the professions, public life, finance, and all the higher American interests, Mr. Morley emphasized his belief that England and the United States would be found together in the march of civilization, fighting for the same ideals and aims. He reminded his hearers that he was "a very old hand at elections," that he had fought a great many himself, and had been very vehement in fighting them; and he went on to say that he was greatly impressed and stirred on election day by the fact that, in so vast a country, the voice of the people should be so emphatically recorded, so unmistakably ascertained, and accepted in such perfect good temper by those who were defeated. Democracy has its drawbacks, as every form of government has, but machine politics and corruption did not come in with it, as all history shows, and one of the significant things about the last Presidential election was the way in which it answered the charge that the United States is given over to machine politics. He spoke of the enormous risks, the great questions, the stirring possibilities, before the country, and declared that it is a great thing to know "that there will come into power and office here on March 4 of next year a man who has behind him, unless I am mistaken, the American people." What struck Mr. Morley most in his rapid passage through important trade centers was the enormous and unbounded strength of material resources. The most significant point in his address, however, was what he had to say about the tariff question. Commenting on the optimistic speech of the Secretary of the Treasury, who declared that prices are good and hopes buoyant, he said that he frankly rejoiced in this statement, but that what he had seen in different parts of the country made him believe that we would have been just as great, just as strong in industrial competition, and just as prosperous if we had taken for our motto, "No tariff excepting for purposes of revenue." Mr. Morley approached this statement in a very tactful and semi-humorous way, but was instantly assured of his ground by the spontaneity and heartiness of applause with which his frankness in declaring his position as a free-trader was met; a spontaneity and heartiness which showed that there was large sympathy in the audience with his position.

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The Philippines

The Annual Report of the Bureau of Insular Affairs gives some interesting information and some wise recommendations. The examination of the titles of all the friar lands has been concluded. Many of them have been surveyed, and the process of paying for them and transferring them to the National Government is progressing rapidly. The friar problem may be regarded as practically solved. When our readers recall the fact that at the time of the Paris Treaty this problem was regarded as an insuperable obstacle to our acceptance of the Philippine Islands, its solution on terms satisfactory to the natives, to the friars, and to the Roman Catholic Church must be regarded as a notable achieve-

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ment. There are in the United States one hundred and twelve Filipino students, and twenty-eight are on their way hither. They are entered in over thirty institutions scattered throughout the country, and are studying law, medicine, pedagogy, engineering, agriculture, and for other vocations. Among them are two women, and three more are *en route*. They are selected from the various provinces of the Philippine Islands, after careful examination both as to their educational and their moral qualifications. Their allowance is five hundred dollars a year each, which covers all expenses of education and maintenance. The religious problem is met by a provision that their parents, or, in case they are of age, the pupils, shall be consulted as to the religious faith of the institutions, or, if conditions necessitate pursuing the study in an undenominational institution, the religious faith of the family in which the pupil is to be placed. The currency of the country has been changed from a silver to a gold basis, with, as a result, a change from a fluctuating to a stable and fixed rate of exchange. Two recommendations of Colonel Edwards, the Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, deserve the attention of the country, and, in our judgment, the prompt action of Congress: first, the reduction of the tariff on sugar and tobacco to not more than twenty-five per cent. of the present Dingley rates on those articles; secondly, authority to edit and publish nearly two hundred thousand documents captured at different times from the insurgents in the Philippines. These papers are in Spanish and native languages. They comprise many of the orders and decrees of the Aguinaldo government, and they are essential material for the future historian of the Filipino episode.

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The Primary Election Law in Wisconsin

One of the most significant results of the election in Wisconsin is the adoption of a primary election bill. The advantage of this bill is to do away with nominating conventions altogether. On presentation of a petition signed by the requisite number of voters, the name of the candidate desired is placed by the State officially on a ticket for the purpose of the primary election. This primary election is held under regulation of law in polling-booths, opened at the regular polling-places, in which the manner of voting is the same as in a general election. After the polls close the votes are to be counted and returns made exactly as at a general election, and the man who has the largest number of votes for each office is the nominee of his party for that office. No person in this primary election is allowed to vote for two candidates, but the voter is not obliged to declare an affiliation with any party. One striking feature of the bill is its provision for the practical election of United States Senators by the people, the law providing that candidates for United States Senator must run for nomination at a primary election, and the candidate who wins at the primary will be "recommended" to the Legislature as the party's candidate. This recommendation is, of course, not compulsory, the Constitution of the United States providing that Senators shall be chosen by the Legislature. But it will probably be practically as compulsory as are the votes of the people upon the Presidential electors, who have a legal and Constitutional right to disregard the expressed wishes of the people on the ballot and elect any one President whom they may choose. The operation of this primary law will be watched with a great deal of interest. Practical experience under it may necessitate amendments to it, but its fundamental provision for doing away with nominating conventions and substituting a nomination by the people we believe to be essentially right and wise. It is conceived in the spirit of the motto, "The remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy."

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The Independent Voters' Campaign in Toledo

The chief contest in the local election this fall in Toledo centered in the City Council. One-half the members of that body are elected each year for a term of two years. In the re-

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cent election one Councilman-at-large and seven ward representatives were voted upon. The important issue related to the matter of renewing the franchise of the local street railroad company. The Republican "machine," supported and controlled by the street railroad interests, concentrated its efforts on the return of the present Councilman-at-large and three of the ward Councilmen. In all cases these men were defeated. The Independent voters elected the Councilman-at-large and two out of seven of the ward representatives. The remaining five elected are not good "machine" men. While President Roosevelt carried the city by a plurality of 12,912, the Independent candidate-at-large led his "machine" opponent by 2,348 votes—certainly a remarkable exhibition of intelligence and good citizenship. This was accomplished through the earnest, steadfast efforts of a band of business and professional men. The last Legislature passed a bill changing the time of holding the annual municipal election from the spring to the fall; the chief object of this transfer was probably the hope that the Independent might become confused by the size of the ballot and the multiplicity of candidates. The "machine" also attempted to becloud the issue by putting a second so-called Independent ticket in the field; in fact, no stones were left unturned in the attempt to defeat this new-born Independent movement. The result is not a personal triumph, as were the past elections of the late Mayor Jones. This was a victory for good municipal government as against "machine" control. The present intention of the Independent leaders is to continue the fight in 1905, in order to unseat several other Councilmen who represent the interest of the street railroad company rather than that of their constituents.

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The Lewisohn Case

A decision was handed down in the New York Court of Appeals last week which promises to be of great utility in the fight against gambling-houses in the city of New York and the other cities of the State. The decision affirms the constitutionality of what is known as the Dowling Law, which provides that any party to a gambling transaction may be compelled to testify in a criminal prosecution, securing thereby immunity for himself from prosecution or punishment for participation in such transaction. This case arose out of District Attorney Jerome's campaign against gambling-houses in New York City. A supposed gambling-house, owned by Richard Canfield, was raided under the direction of Mr. Jerome, and when the case was brought before the Grand Jury, Jesse Lewisohn, a wealthy New Yorker, was subpœnaed to appear against Canfield. He was asked if he had ever gambled in Canfield's house, and refused to answer, on the ground that to do so would incriminate and degrade him. He was ordered by the Court to answer the question, and on continuing to refuse to answer was adjudged in contempt of court. Mr. Lewisohn appealed from the judgment of the Court to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which upheld his contention that he need not answer lest he incriminate himself. On a further appeal to the Court of Appeals this judgment was affirmed. The District Attorney then prepared a bill, which was introduced into the Legislature as the Dowling Bill, and passed. In addition to the provision that unwilling witnesses may be compelled to testify, this bill also provides that a witness may be compelled to testify to acts which he had seen previous to the passage of the bill. After this bill had become law Mr. Lewisohn was again subpœnaed, and asked the same questions as at his previous appearance. He again refused to answer, and was again adjudged in contempt of court. The case was appealed, on the ground that the Dowling Law was unconstitutional. The Appellate Division sustained the constitutionality of the act, and this decision has just been confirmed by the Court of Appeals. The indictment against Canfield was of necessity dismissed when the first decision of the Court of Appeals, upholding the contention that a witness need not testify in gambling cases, was made, owing to the impossibility of compelling

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witnesses to testify. Now, however, it will be possible for the Canfield case to be again brought before the Grand Jury, and there should be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary evidence as to the character of the house. It is understood that the District Attorney has a long list of well-known New York men who may be subpœnaed in this case. Among these is Reginald C. Vanderbilt, who has been for some months practically an exile from New York City, in fear lest he be compelled to testify in this case. There is, of course, always uncertainty as to just how a statute will operate, but it is hoped and expected that the Dowling Law will prove an efficient weapon against gambling in the cities of New York State. It is probable that District Attorney Jerome's campaign against gambling-houses, which has been interrupted during the progress of the Lewisohn case, will now be taken up again with renewed vigor. This decision of the Court of Appeals is important not only because of its application to the Canfield case and to the suppression of gambling in New York City, but because it is a decided victory for those who, like Mr. Jerome, contend that the law should be enforced with the same severity against the rich as against the poor. Mr. Jerome clearly enunciated this principle in his ante-election speeches, and has stood firmly and persistently for it since his election. It is evident that, in so far as lies in his power, the wealthy society leader shall have no more immunity from the legal consequences of his acts than the poor dweller in the slums.

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Municipal Education

Not quite three years have passed since there was begun in Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania, a campaign for municipal improvements, made remarkable by the intelligent and systematic way in which it was conducted, under the guidance of the local Municipal League. Sixty taxpayers contributed a fund of five thousand dollars, with which expert advice of the best grade was obtained in regard to the city's needs as to filtration, sewage disposal, paving, and parks. This advice considered and published, an additional five thousand dollars was raised, with which a campaign of education was conducted to convince the voters of the city of the wisdom of authorizing a million-dollar loan to effect the proposed improvements. A reform administration, headed by Mayor Vance C. McCormick, was elected at the time the loan was authorized, and these officials have been carrying out the improvements authorized with notable success and devotion to the public interest. When, recently, it appeared that there was in the partisan City Councils a misapprehension of the comprehensive plans for a modern park system, with its connecting parkways and playgrounds, the Municipal League again interposed with its educational work. It arranged to take, at its own expense, the entire councilmanic body, with associated city officials, to Boston, there to inspect, under the guidance of the landscape architects who had prepared the Harrisburg plan, and with the hearty co-operation of the Boston park authorities, the superb chain of parks, playgrounds, and parkways that characterize the Eastern metropolis. The result is described as remarkable in its effect on the visiting city officials, who returned to Harrisburg full of enthusiasm, and with an intelligent idea of what could be done in their own city. There is a twofold significance in this Harrisburg experience for other municipalities. It is again proven that education is better than objurgation. The hearty and sympathetic assistance which the larger city has given to the smaller shows strongly the value of co-operation, and the real interdependence of municipalities, regardless of size.

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The War in the East

The one event of note last week in the history of the war was the escape of the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer Raztoropny from Port Arthur in a blinding snow-storm, its arrival at Chefoo, after slipping through the Japanese fleet, and its destruction in the harbor of Chefoo by its own crew, to prevent possible

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seizure by the Japanese. It is generally believed that the Russians deliberately sacrificed the Raztoropny in order to send important despatches from General Stoessel to the Czar. The tenor of those despatches, however, it is impossible to gather from St. Petersburg reports, further than that General Stoessel has been slightly wounded and that the garrison of Port Arthur continues to make a gallant and even heroic defense. The Russian officials at St. Petersburg declare their belief that Port Arthur can hold out for months; certainly, they add, until after the Russian war-ships under Admiral Rojesvensky reach the scene of hostilities; but they would, of course, put forth optimistic views in any case until the surrender should be determined upon. Just how much progress the Japanese have made is difficult to ascertain. They claim to have injured several of the war-ships in the harbor of Port Arthur, and to be occupying one by one positions which command the outer forts—indeed, a despatch of last week from Consul-General Fowler to Washington declared that some of these important outer forts had fallen into the hands of the Japanese, a report which has not, as we write, been otherwise confirmed.

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Japan's War Burden

Last week the new Japanese loan was offered in London and was over-subscribed thirteen times. The loan was for sixty million dollars and pays six per cent. The price at which it was offered was 90½, or three points below the price of last April's loan. The former loan, however, has never ruled below 95, or 1½ below the issue price; in September it rose to 97¼. Both loans are secured by the customs revenue, the second by the revenue remaining after the interest on the first is provided for. The success of these loans is an impressive proof of Japan's financial strength, despite pro-Russian assurances to the contrary. It is the more impressive when the fact is recalled that while these two foreign loans were being placed, loans for over a hundred million dollars were taken by the Japanese people themselves at a higher price and at a lower rate of interest. In nine months the actual cost of the war to Japan amounts to little more than half the cost to Great Britain of the Transvaal war, a conflict lasting two years and eight months.

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Arbitration the Fashion

A number of events last week emphasized the fact that arbitration has now become the fashion. Secretary Hay has received assurances that Great Britain and Mexico are prepared to negotiate arbitration treaties with America on the lines of the one recently concluded between France and the United States, while the Italian and Swiss treaties are almost ready for signature. It is also known that a number of South American countries wish to enter into a similar arrangement with the United States. As a preliminary, however, it is desirable that they adhere to the Hague Convention, under which any arbitration resulting from the arbitration treaties must be conducted. In the absence of a special authorization they cannot do this, and it is held that this authorization must come from the Powers that originally framed the Hague treaty. When the second Hague Conference assembles, this authorization will undoubtedly be given. President Roosevelt's call for that second Conference has received one official acceptance, while it is known that most of the European Powers are willing to be represented at it. In this connection an interesting event of the week was the signature at Windsor by the Kings of Great Britain and Portugal of a treaty of arbitration. The first treaty between Portugal and England was made six hundred years ago, in the reign of Edward I. More important still was the ratification by the Chamber of Deputies of the Anglo-French treaty. By its terms Egypt is definitely abandoned as a sphere of influence to England, and France also terminates its rights on the west coast of Newfoundland. Even though the *quid pro quo* be Morocco, no Ministry until very recent times would have dared to propose the abrogation of French rights either on the Nile or on the Newfoundland shore.

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General André

Last week General André resigned his position as War Minister in the French Cabinet. He has held this office for four years, succeeding the Marquis de Gallifet, who had been so remarkably energetic during the Dreyfus troubles. General André seemed to be, during the first years of his administration, not only equally honest, capable, and energetic, but more modest and rather less of a poser. He was also actuated, doubtless, only by the best motives in his extension of the dangerous and irritating system of espionage. He wanted to rid the Republic and the army of any budding Boulangers, who might use the National defense to plot against the State in the interest of the Monarchists and the Clericals. But not all old-time Monarchists are now anti-Republican. Those who are converts to the Republic, the *ralliés*, are for the most part, it is assumed, fairly sincere in their attitude. And of the so-called Clericals only a fraction are anti-Republican. Leo XIII.'s admonition to the clergy to be loyal to the State is spreading, wave-like, wider and wider with each year. However, it is true that the irreconcilable remainder among Monarchists and Clericals is still large enough to constitute some slight danger to the State, perhaps not so much because any one expects that the Republic will be overthrown as because the machinations of this small dual force tend towards an unsettling and an unrest in the minds of the volatile. General André carried things with a high hand in his department. The result has been, not justice and fairness, but a kind of fanatical despotism, a condition of affairs which might possibly be expected in autocratic Russia, not in republican France. When General André's spies reported that the wives and children of army officers were seen going to mass, those officers were not as favorably regarded for promotion as were others; indeed, it is claimed that they were actually blacklisted. Such bigotry was soon openly apparent, and week before last led almost to the overthrow of the Ministry in the Chamber of Deputies. It was saved by only a few votes. Its majority was due not so much to the merits of the case as because of an unwitting service rendered to the Cabinet by M. Syvveton, a Deputy, who, in the heat of discussion, actually slapped the War Minister's face. This touch of human nature provoked another. Sympathy with the elder man and distinguished official saved the day. The members of the Cabinet, however, seem to have been thoroughly alarmed; at all events, they persuaded their Jonah to be cast overboard as the only way of saving the ship of State.

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Italian Political Leaders

The recent death of General Ottolenghi, who, though a Jew, rose to the position of War Minister in the Italian Cabinet, calls attention to Victor Emanuel III.'s breadth of view. Undeterred by anti-Semitism, the young King recommended to the highest office the veteran soldier under whom he himself had served. General Ottolenghi's death calls attention, as did the death of Premier Zanardelli about a year ago, to the passing of that generation contemporaneous with the unification of Italy in 1860 and the Papal overthrow in 1870. Zanardelli's successor, the present Prime Minister, Giovanni Giolitti, is now the most interesting figure in Italian politics, not only because of his position, but also because of his extraordinary adroitness and ability. He has not always appealed to the entire confidence of his country. His opportunism has apparently more than once run away with his principles, but no one doubts his courage and his cleverness in facing an ugly situation. This was tested two months ago during the general strike in Italy. The Prime Minister's pronouncement in favor of law and order at once alienated from him all the extreme Socialist and Anarchist elements which he had attracted during the railway strike some years ago, but it rallied to him a number of sober people who hitherto had not supported a Radical Minister. The general elections concluded week before last, however, would indicate that the twenty-three seats lost by the Extremists in Parliament were not entirely gained

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by the supporters of Giolitti. The question, then, is whether the Premier can win a proportionate number of Constitutionalists to cover his loss among the Revolutionaries. Up to the present his Ministry has been a coalition of Radical elements, but if he can maintain himself in power, it is likely that it may take on a different color. If he is not able to maintain himself, there are other able men in waiting, especially Signor Luigi Luzzatti, the present Finance Minister, and Baron Sonnino, a former Finance Minister. These men, the first Liberal, the second Conservative, enjoy to a peculiar degree the confidence of the best elements in Italian society. Perhaps the most picturesque political personage in Italy, however, is Signor Turati, who personifies a more or less attractive Socialism, as any one may see by perusing his "Critica Sociale." In it he brought out the distinction between evolution and revolution so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could understand. From that moment Socialism in Italy was divided into two camps. For the country's peace, as well as for his own influence, Turati's motto might well be "Divide et impera."

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The Emperor and America

The managers of the St. Louis Exposition have acted wisely in specially recognizing the services to art of the Emperor William. His interest in the Exposition from the very first has been active and influential; and whatever the Emperor does he does with all his might. It was largely due to his initiative and persistence that the Industrial Art Exposition at St. Louis received one of its most important and interesting foreign exhibits, and the Department of Fine Arts one of its largest and most valuable illustrations of contemporary taste and genius. In the opinion of many careful observers, the only rival that Germany has in the illustration of industrial art at the Fair is Japan. Under these circumstances the cordial co-operation of the Emperor very properly receives special recognition at the hands of the managers. Their action also is an expression of the friendly regard in which Americans hold the Emperor. He has shown his friendship for us in many ways, and the friction which has sometimes been felt between the American and German naval officers, for instance, has never had, it is believed, in any way the countenance of the Emperor; he has steadily striven to increase the friendliness between the two countries and to develop their common interests. The unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington last Saturday afforded another opportunity of emphasizing the friendly relations between Germany and the United States; for, whatever Americans may think of Frederick the Great from the democratic standpoint, they will have no hesitation in recognizing his genius, nor in interpreting the presentation of the statue as an act of friendly interest and significant of a deepening international friendship.

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The Pope's Allocution

Last week Pius X. improved the occasion of a consistory—at which a number of new bishops were proclaimed—to deliver an allocution dealing mainly with the Vatican's relations with France. He deplored the hostility to religion shown by a large part of the French people. Christ, he said, had been banished from the schools and law courts in France, and increasing obstacles were placed in the way of the Church. He recalled the origin of the Concordat, and the reasons which induced Pius VII. to conclude it with Napoleon (1801), especially referring to the provisions made for the appointments of bishops, their pay from the budget of the Ministry of Public Worship, regulated by what was practically a contract, and finally the free exercise of worship. The Pontiff deplored the fact that the present Government of the French Republic had, under various pretexts, charged the Holy See with not having observed the Concordat. He protested that the Church had never, in the case of any country, infringed on an agreement made. He then complained of the present impossibility of appointing bishops to the vacant sees in France, but expressed the hope that an understanding

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might ultimately be reached. According to Pius X., the Vatican is grieved because the French Government had failed to respect the free exercise of religion as set forth in the Concordat, by refusing to allow the Pope to communicate directly with the bishops. He had hitherto refrained from protesting publicly, lest he aggravate the situation; but he could withhold no longer. He protested, however, without bitterness. The telegraphic despatches which report the allocution add that the majority of the Cardinals were disappointed by the comparative mildness of the Pope's condemnation. This disappointment will hardly be felt by the world at large. Measured and dignified language will, we believe, have a far greater effect, especially in France, than the language of bitterness and rancor could have. It is much to be questioned, nevertheless, whether the allocution does not come too late. Those at present in power in France have taken more and more radical ground as time has progressed, and are now at the parting of the ways. They may recognize the Church by the institution of a Ministry of the Cults, as provided in the new Combes bill; they may double the annuities and pensions proposed in that bill; they may even restore the ecclesiastical buildings to the Church, although for a century they have been the property of the State, which confiscated them during the French Revolution. But it is questionable whether they or the majority of French electors would vote to maintain a Concordat which has indissolubly united Church and State.

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Mr. Carroll Beckwith on the Tariff on Art

Mr. Carroll Beckwith, Vice-President of the Municipal Art Commission, New York City, has been reaffirming the position of our artists concerning the present duty on works of art. According to an interview published in the New York "Tribune," and confirmed for The Outlook by Mr. Beckwith, "Italy has an accumulation of works of art of every kind, so great that it is impossible for her to preserve and take proper care of them." On the other hand, "no people are so appreciative and so desirous of collecting such works as Americans. They have also the means to gratify their taste. Now, as a vast number of these objects of painting and sculpture are going to decay and falling to pieces throughout all parts of Italy, it seems most deplorable that their collection and conservation should be defeated and made virtually impossible in this country by the duty on them." Mr. Beckwith said that the repeated appeals of American artists to Washington had been unheard. How much longer this would continue he did not know, but he was convinced that one of the first duties of our Government toward the culture and education of our people should be the removal of the duty on works of art. Mr. Beckwith is right. We believe that the duty will be removed when our legislators can be brought to see that such a duty is not, as they have believed it to be, a duty on objects of pure luxury. While works of art destined for public museums are now brought in free of duty, those for private collections are not. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, however, certain private galleries are now open on certain days to visitors, and thus are taking on more and more a semi-public character. The great Morgan collection in London would have been brought to this country long ago but for the duty to be paid, and among others we have specially in mind the Halsey collection of Wedgwood portraits—a collection contributing materially to the illumination of American colonial history—which is suffering a like fate. A work of art, therefore, is not to be put in the same category, for instance, with a diamond. It is not an object of pure luxury; the educational value of the paintings and decorations which adorn not only private residences, but hotels, halls, galleries, and semi-public buildings is evident. So far from welcoming the duty as a protection to American art, our artists themselves are insistent in demanding that the duty shall be repealed. First, they do not fear competition. Secondly, they are united in the desire that the whole country shall receive the greatest possible

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benefit from art, whether of home or of foreign production.

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American and Foreign Pictures

A peculiarly interesting exhibition was opened last week in New York City in the galleries of the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street for the benefit of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. From the private collections of the metropolis a hundred of the best works painted by foreigners during the last three-quarters of a century were selected to hang alongside a hundred of the best American paintings belonging to the same period. The result is gratifying; first, because never before in this country have so many pictures of exalted rank been hung together; secondly, because, in general, our American pictures, if not always so broad and vigorous, at all events in the more refined and poetic qualities of color and tone, will hold their own independence and worth when exposed to this severe test. The list of artists on both sides is brilliant but inadequate; one misses many names which might have been included. Aside from this, both on the American and European side, a few pictures hardly measure up with the highest standard of their painters. On the whole, however, the collection is really representative and admirably chosen. In it there are many masterpieces, and this only whets one's appetite for the chief interest of the superb collection, that is, to compare the best in Europe with the best in America. Close to Corot and Daubigny hang Inness and Wyant; close to Mauve and Jakob Maris, George Fuller; close to Monet and Renoir hang Hassam, Tryon, Twachtman, Murphy, and Theodore Robinson. It will be correctly surmised that the French contingent is the strongest of any in the foreign pictures. Both in ideal and technique such artists as most of the Americans just mentioned, together with Winslow Homer, Homer Martin, Horatio Walker, and others, have little to fear even from the very great foreign names cited. While it is deeply interesting and instructive to compare this or that characteristic of our men with the characteristics of those from the other side of the Atlantic, the chief benefit of the exhibition may prove to be *not* to compare. For is it not true that individual artists in landscape and portraiture gain their greatness, not so much because of fidelity to some tradition, or to some contemporary influence, as because of their own originality and individuality? The exhibition as a whole, American as well as European, is a protest against the old slavishness to classicism and academic ideals; it marks the triumph of the tonal, the atmospheric, the temperamental, the really romantic, the indestructibly original and individual.

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Sound Advice by an Employer to Employers

Mr. Edward A. Filene, a merchant of Boston, delivered an address last week in that city which we wish might be printed and circulated extensively among employers of labor. We can only indicate its spirit by reporting some of the principles which he enunciated. "At present," he says, "our policy towards the existence of trades-unions is at best not more than neutral. I urge with all my power that the time has come to change this policy to one of definite purpose to make the unions better by encouraging our best and most valuable employees to join them and to become active workers in them." Mr. Filene rightly believes that this is the way to secure the open shop:

> As long as employers believe their interests are best served or least harmed by a weak union, so long will the union fight as for its very life for the closed shop. For as long as we hold that belief, so long will the unions believe—and in many cases believe rightly—that we will use the open shop to weaken the union by dropping union men in preference to non-union men, as the need of men grows less with slackening work. Personally, I believe if we adopt this new policy the unions will soon cease to fight for the closed shop, for it will no longer be necessary.

By this policy of co-operation Mr. Filene would guard against the danger which now threatens from Socialistic tendencies. If the Socialists succeed in their endeavor to get control of the trades-unions, the employers will again "be forced to endeavor to weaken the unions in every way, and many years of struggle and loss to both sides must pass

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before we can again place ourselves and the unions in the favorable position we are in to-day." History demonstrates that the spirit and principles of Mr. Filene's address furnish the only solution for the industrial problem. For that problem can be solved only by securing a cordial co-operation between employers and employed, and such co-operation can be attained, not by the victory of either party over the other, but by the discovery of a basis on which the two can co-operate without the loss of self-respect on either side.

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Electric Motors for Railways

The successful tests made last week of a new electric engine by the New York Central Railroad form a striking indication of the possibilities of electricity as a railway motor power in the near future. This engine has both high speed capacity and high horse-power—seventy-two miles an hour was the speed-rate reached in this trial with a train of four heavy cars, and sixty-nine was made with seven cars, while the nominal horse-power is 2,200, and for limited distances greater power may be developed. This is the first electrical locomotive of the type designed for use by this road in its suburban service to and from New York, for which, as our readers know, extensions and alterations are now being made. It is not, however, we believe, positively settled whether for this service the third-rail system, drawing motive force from a central power-house, or engines like the wonderful "No. 6,000," generating their own power, will finally be adopted. The question of comparative cost will naturally be an important factor in settling this question. Having the new electric locomotive to experiment with, the railway officials will possess a means of reaching practical conclusions. The issue is really one of enormous proportions, because upon its settlement may hinge the question whether electricity may not within our time become the main motive power for all railways. The ease and efficiency with which the third-rail plan has been applied to New York's subways and elevated roads and is being utilized abroad, the fact that electric motors have for some time been used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to move freight trains through a tunnel, and the constant improvements and inventions in applying electric power and economizing in its cost, all point to startling extensions of its usefulness. Already some electrical engineers are predicting that fast passenger trains may run by electric power from New York to Buffalo within a few years, getting the power from Niagara Falls, where, by the way, a new power-house is now under construction which will be as much larger than those now there as the latter were ten years ago superior to anything of the kind in existence. Another interesting indication of this kind was seen last week in the newspaper reports that the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad contemplates building a great power plant at Scranton, and is considering a plan to operate the road by electricity. Very likely the report is premature or inaccurate, but it is true that more than one of the great trunk lines are deeply interested in the limited application of electricity to terminal and suburban uses, and are at least debating further possibilities.

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Inauguration of Dr. Dabney

The inauguration of Dr. Charles William Dabney as President of the University of Cincinnati, on Wednesday of last week, was an academic occasion of exceptional brilliancy by reason of the attendance of a large group of men of distinction and of the universal interest which appears to have been felt in the city. Academic processions and events are sometimes regarded as outside the ordinary movement of life in American communities, and the former are sometimes looked upon with amused interest by small groups of curious and somewhat indifferent spectators; but all Cincinnati appears to have turned out, so to speak, to welcome Dr. Dabney, and his accession to the presidency of the University was regarded as an event of high municipal significance. This was, in fact, the interpretation given by Dr. Dabney in his interesting address. The

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gist of the address is found in these two paragraphs:

I stand here to-day, however, merely as a representative of the ideals and aspirations of education of the people of Cincinnati, and as the chosen head of the institution with which they propose to crown the life of their city. A system of public schools, ascending grade by grade from the primaries to the colleges, and a justly celebrated collection of private schools, professional colleges, and schools of music and art, demand a university as the capstone of the educational pyramid. . . .

Cincinnati is the first of American cities to undertake to solve this problem. As the result of the generous provisions of her private citizens and of the public contributions of the people, she has already come into possession of a large educational plant. This union of public and private effort in the support of a noble cause is typical of her honorable past and prophetic of her splendid future. It forms the most interesting educational experiment now being tried in the country, if not in the world. A municipal system of education, complete from the elementary schools to the graduate and professional departments, a great unit of democracy at work educating itself—what could be more important? The practical solution of this problem will be interesting to every large democratic community.

The rest of the address was an exposition of the inevitable relation between democracy and education, laying strong rhetorical emphasis on the dominating fact that the highest ideal of the democratic form of government involves education, because where the people are ignorant the type of government inevitably reverts to an aristocracy or oligarchy. Dr. Dabney brushed aside impatiently all the arguments against public education as savoring of paternalism. He declared that school-houses and schoolmasters are cheaper than jails and soldiers, and that true democracy is something nobler than policemen guarding property and rights. Men have a right to govern themselves, but without education they have not the capacity. Suffrage is not a natural right, but a privilege; democracy means self-government, and therefore it means also universal education, involving public schools under control of the people and open to the people. The acceptance of the presidency of the University of Cincinnati by Dr. Dabney has been regarded in that city as the beginning of a new era in the history of the institution, and the quality of the welcome extended to the new President seems to assure him at the start all that breadth and intelligence of support without which he cannot carry out the aim he has undoubtedly set before him.

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A Watering-Place in Africa

A few years ago people in Europe spoke of Niagara Falls with great respect, but as if that wonderful phenomenon were at the ends of the earth; now the same people are traveling to the Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado with little thought of distance or trouble; and the world of pleasure-seekers and travelers is to be still further enlarged in magnitude by bringing the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi within range of those who are going about seeking climate, beauty, and repose. It is not many years since the thunder of the Zambesi was heard only by savages and an occasional intrepid explorer. The falls were at the ends of the earth; now they are only 1,600 miles from Cape Town, with which they are connected by railroad. There is a small hotel fitted with electric lights, electric fans, and, what indicates the further advance of civilization, ice-chambers. This, however, the New York "Sun" reports, is only a temporary convenience, to be soon replaced by a great hotel built on modern lines and with all modern conveniences. It is to be five stories high, and it will be completed in time to house the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which will meet there in a few months. The railroad will cross the gorge a few hundred feet below the falls on a suspension bridge, as the railroads cross the gorge below Niagara; but provision has been made that the railroad cannot be seen from any point where the falls can be viewed, for it is a fixed policy to preserve the beauty of the falls unimpaired. Along the south side of the Zambesi, where the finest views are to be obtained, a Park of Peace is being laid out. From this, first-class roads will lead to every point from which the falls can be seen to advantage. On the north side of the river, above the

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falls, there are to be zoölogical gardens, with grounds for sports and popular amusements. As the falls are over a mile wide and more than four hundred feet high, and constitute the greatest wonder in the world of their kind, these preparations, although a little in advance of their fullest use, are by no means premature. It is unfortunate that our own Falls were not protected in good season in the same way.

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The Greater Thanksgiving

In the heritage which Americans have received from New England no bequest is more significant or important than Thanksgiving: the public, formal, and stated expression of gratitude to Almighty God for gifts of bread and wine, of peace and plenty, of a fertile continent, freedom of thought and action, popular government, the open doors of schools and universities, the free opportunity for the free man, and the recognition in law and political order of the great truths of religion—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We are grown so accustomed to these inestimable blessings that we forget how precious they are and how recently they have been bestowed on the race. Some of us have grown so critical in spirit, and have so successfully forgotten our history, that we querulously question whether they are blessings. Sitting at ease in this invisible home which the fathers builded for us, we forget its strength, the depth of its foundations in human toil and suffering, the spaciousness of its great hearth, at which men and women of all races are warming themselves, and rebel against the sacrifice of small comforts which it involves, the petty self-denials which it imposes on us.

There are many uncomfortable things in this country, and those who think supremely of their ease and quietness find much that exasperates them. It is a building age, and such ages always involve discomfort. There must be noise, dust, piles of débris, the coming and going in great numbers of those who toil in such a period. This is also a country which is in the process of being made, and that process involves rapidity of change, unsettling of old relationships, readjustments of class to class and man to man which are vexatious and trying. Personal service is neither so well trained nor so docile in a country in which men stand on a level because they are men as in countries in which men are divided into classes and every man is expected to stay where he starts in life. Mr. Howells says somewhere that waiters are probably less deferentially attentive in a free and stirring age than in a servile and stagnant period.

If the end of society is to make a few fortunately placed people comfortable by reserving all the best places for them, protecting them from contact with "the herd," waiting on them with trained skill and hereditary deference, then free institutions are not only a great blunder, and Thanksgiving Day ought to be abolished, but all modern life has taken a wrong direction, and we are all bound together for destruction. If a Watteau fan is a higher product of art because it appeals to the taste and serves the uses of the few than the Capitol at Washington, the Dome of St. Peter's, and the Sistine Madonna because they express the aspirations and serve the needs of the many, then it is time to call a halt and go back to the days when the souls of the many starved that the bodies of the few might grow fat.

If, on the other hand, the end of society is to produce the largest number of free human spirits, of generous human hearts, of strong human hands, of pure human homes, of noble human lives; if the liberation of serfs, the setting free of those who are in bondage, the care and reverence for the man as a man, the open door to the boy and girl whose feet are eager to climb, the breathing of the breath of life through a stagnant world, mean progress towards the ultimate goal, then let us reverently thank God that we were born in an age and a country in which it is our supreme good fortune not to be "ministered unto but to minister." If men are to be thank-

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ful only for finished harvests, full barns, and completed achievements, our causes of thanksgiving would be great, but they might well have bounds. But if we are to return thanks, not for ourselves alone, but for all men; not for work done, but for noble chances to work; not for the finished civilization, but for the greater civilization that may be developed; not for a few choice spirits, but for the opportunity of all men to lift themselves into the light; not for things which make for our comfort, but for the things which make for the healing of the world; not for the life that has been lived, but for the boundless life that is to be; not for what has been done, but for the great open door of the future—then let us fall on our knees and thank Almighty God that he has given us, not things, but the chance of growth; not comfort, but the opportunity of service; not ease of spirit, but the toils of the unselfish life. It is given only to the spiritually-minded to understand a country like ours, as it is given only to the spiritually-minded to transform it from prophecy into achievement.

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The Future of South America

The recent publication of Mr. Charles Edmond Akers's history of the South America of the past half-century has rendered available an informing compendium of facts bearing on a question of high significance to the United States—the problem of the part we shall play in the inevitable development of the new countries to the south. For, in the economic sense, they are all new countries, these Latin-American republics with their century-old record of turmoil, spoliation, and bloodshed; abounding in natural resources with the exploitation of which will come a speedy awakening from the long-enduring nightmare of internecine strife. For some, the process of galvanization will doubtless be long postponed; for others, it is nearer than superficial observation would suspect, while for yet others it is manifestly close at hand. That it must inevitably touch all, one will the more readily perceive if, while grasping the significance of the facts underlying Mr. Akers's able presentation of the conditions prevailing in the more advanced countries, he bears in mind the principle of the pressure of population. Long ago the Old World was compelled to seek a vent for the surplus that persisted despite war, pestilence, and famine. Already there has sprung up in the New Lands of the West, whither the quest led, a Power that has compelled the admiration and respect of the Powers whence it originated; elsewhere, and again in the New Lands of the West, we behold a nation in the process of growth. With the influx of population competition increases; the slothful, the incapable, the weak, must gain energy, capacity, strength, or make way for the hardier arrivals. It has been well said that "in new countries the struggle for existence is more severe, more merciless, to the feeble than it is in old." But the reward is correspondingly rich. In the New World the United States has long borne witness to this. Canada is bearing witness. It cannot be doubted that South America will yet bear witness also, so favorably in some respects is it situated for colonization.

In a measure, indeed, South America is already bearing witness through the River Plate countries, and more especially through the Argentine Republic. Hither the immigrant has of late been making his way in ever-increasing numbers, and here more than elsewhere we find point to the comment that "the truth is coming home by degrees to the people that there is something more satisfactory than a condition of affairs where the hand of every man is against his neighbor." The revolutionary habit is yielding to conditions making for stability and progress. Under the operation of the principle of pressure the country is being opened up with a rapidity that has even now called attention to it as a producer for the markets of the world. Only so long ago as 1880 the exportation of produce was confined to the by-products of live stock, the agricultural production being barely sufficient to meet domestic needs; within twenty years production took such rapid strides

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that Argentina had annually available for shipment abroad 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, while to-day we hear publicists asserting that Argentina will outstrip the United States as a competitor of the farmers of Europe. With fully 100,000,000 head of sheep and 25,000,000 head of cattle, the exportation of live stock and frozen meat has become a factor to be reckoned with. Hand in hand with the increase in population has gone the extension of transportation facilities—that potent harbinger of peace and progress—and while the political, financial, and social status of the country leaves much to be desired, there can scarcely be room for pessimism regarding the future.

To South Americans the most important phase of the development of Argentina is the lesson it conveys in the advisability "of conducting public affairs without recourse to the throat-cutting policy." Its significance to North Americans is of a different order. Of the existing population of 4,000,000, Mr. Akers declares that all but 70,000 are of Latin origin, or inherit Latin blood through father or mother. From Spain, France, and most of all from Italy, has come the flood of immigration. It is estimated that there are to-day 800,000 Italians in Argentina. This, in Mr. Akers's opinion, "shows conclusively that Latin traditions and customs are destined to prevail in the future in this section of South America." Turning to Brazil, where economic development is still retarded by political disturbances and financial difficulties, he finds a similarly preponderating inflow from Latin sources, with 1,000,000 Italians in the country by 1892. Here, however, he observes a distinctly Teutonic strain of immigration, the German settlements being "destined in the future to play an important part in Brazilian national life."

Elsewhere, howsoever small the immigration into any one country, the Latin note is struck again. The pioneers are men from southern Europe. Noteworthy, too, is the fact that it is with European, not American, capital that South America is being exploited. Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun estimates that while Europe has invested in government bonds, railroads, banks, gas companies, etc., no less a sum than $1,000,000,000, the United States capital invested does not exceed $15,000,000. Commercially Europe also holds the advantage, South American imports from the Old World far exceeding the imports from the United States. Undoubtedly the completion of the Panama Canal will inaugurate a more satisfactory era in this respect, although it may well be, as Mr. Akers conjectures, that no very great influence on the trade of South America will be exerted by the Canal in the immediate future. To-day, however, it is unmistakably evident that, viewing the continent as a whole, the tendency is to tighten the ties binding it to Europe rather than those binding it to the United States. Recent writers, and not excepting Mr. Akers, have perhaps unduly emphasized this tendency, but the fact remains that it is present. More than any nation on earth are we immediately interested in the future of the republics, both from a political and an economic point of view, and upon us must devolve the task of overcoming what Mr. Akers describes as "a lack of confidence on the part of Spanish-speaking Americans in regard to the policy of the United States." Recognizing that a new epoch is approaching, we must see to it that the new epoch bring the peoples of the south into closer, not more distant, relations with us of the north.

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The Ultimate Companionship

Born in the kindling of the imagination and sinking its roots deep in those instincts which are the records of the primitive nature and earliest education of men in this world, love rises steadily through desire, passion, possession, to a companionship so intimate and so complete that it includes and draws nourishment from every interest and occupation. This perfect companionship is not always realized even by those who love greatly and wisely; for it is the latest of the many stages through which this master passion passes, the ultimate phase in this supreme experience. For

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love has its appointed ways and degrees of growth, and the most tender and devoted hand cannot pluck at will those ripe fruits which attain perfection only on the westward reaches of life, when the afternoon sun lies warmest and lingers longest. After the passion of youth and the deep-moving tides of maturity there comes, in the fulfillment of the promise of love, a wide, rich, reposeful harmony born in the long years of adjustment, of mutual knowledge, of fellowship in the ways and works of the days as they come with their gifts and depart with hands emptied by those who have recognized the princely possessions borne in humblest guise. As in the later autumn there falls on the world of toil and strife a peace so deep that it seems to sink to the roots of things in the earth, and so wide that all worlds seem to be folded in it—the sudden emergence of the poetry or soul of the fields out of the secret places where life is nourished; so after the vicissitudes and tumults of the years of action there comes a deep and tranquil happiness in which all things partake, and in partaking catch the light of the spirit which hides within all material forms and shapes.

This complete surrender of personality to personality, in which the self-fulfillment of the Western idealist is accomplished by the self-effacement which the Eastern idealist pursues as the end of the earthly life, is not secured between strong natures without the breaking of bars and the forcing of locks. It is a natural instinct, when one is stricken, to seek silence and solitude; and the finest and best are those whose desperate desire, when wounds are deep, is not only to escape from the sight and sound of the world, but to take refuge from those who are nearest and dearest. In the closest of all relations this instinct sometimes asserts itself most powerfully. The garrulous; the seekers after sympathy—of whom there are many—those who cry out when they are struck, not only find it easy to confide, but to get nourishment for egotism by the very recital of their sorrows. But those whose suffering cuts deeper, who have that higher reverence for themselves which breeds reticence, whose habit it is to bear for others instead of asking others to bear for them, who are so repelled by the corruption of self-pity that they would rather endure torture than be corrupted by it, are driven back upon themselves, and by the very measure of their love are held back from speech. When Brutus was bringing his pure if somewhat narrow spirit to the point of conspiring against

> . . . one
> That unassailable holds on his rank,
> Unshaked of motion,

he kept his own counsel, and held apart from the noble woman who was Cato's daughter, and whom "Lord Brutus took to wife." It was the supreme night of his life, in the long hours of which his fate was as surely accomplished as it was later unfolded to the sight of men at Philippi; terrors and prodigies of sight and sound in the streets of Rome portended doom; but Brutus, in the awful hour of fate, was alone in his orchard. The note of indignant remonstrance which vibrates in Portia's passionate assertion of her right to share the last secret of his fate, to drink with him the final cup of experience, rings true to the highest ideal of love that had passed on to perfect companionship:

> Am I yourself
> But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
> To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
> And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
> Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
> Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

There is but one reply to words of such self-revealing authority as these, and Brutus, who is compact of all nobility, flashes back the answer:

> O ye gods,
> Render me worthy of this noble wife!
> . . . . . .
> . . . by and by thy bosom shall partake
> The secrets of my heart.
> All my engagements I will construe to thee,
> All the charactery of my sad brows.

It is the office of love not to spare but to share; to divide not only the uttermost joy but the ultimate sorrow; to stand bound by the divinest of ties, not only when bells are rung and the sweetness of flowers is in the air, but when the Great Intruder has passed the door

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and stands in the room, and mortality waits helpless and dumb on the majestic presence which comes to all, and comes by higher compulsion than human invitation. It is the supreme privilege of love to share not only life but death; to stand unshattered when the foundations are broken up.

And this perfect companionship, of which Browning grasps the final glorious vision in the imagery of "Prospice,"

> And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
> Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
> Then a light, then thy breast,
> O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest!

is not gained in a day; it is the rich and indestructible result of a lifelong habit of keeping the heart bare and the soul open and the conscience in one another's view. They alone climb the last heights of happiness who share the perils and toils of the way as completely as they share its inspirations, its exhilarations, its joys of arching sky and expanding earth. For love is not only tender and delicate and to be cherished with infinite care; it is also hardy, vigorous, fashioned for all tasks, capable of all resistance; the only immortal possession in a world which is but a symbol of mutability and perishableness. And in its perfection it belongs to those only who keep nothing back, but give their treasures of weakness as well as of strength, their wealth of care and anxiety as well as of peace and joy.

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The New Evangelism

During the past week a series of evangelistic meetings have been held in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, addressed by the pastor, Dr. Hillis, and the Rev. J. W. Dawson, of England. The week before a similar series of meetings were held in Springfield, Massachusetts, in which a number of churches united, the principal preacher being Dr. J. H. Vincent, the founder and leader of the Chautauqua movement. We instinctively connect both series of meetings with what was perhaps the more notable session of the recent Congregational Council in Des Moines, when three or four hundred ministers met to hear Mr. Dawson report on the New Evangelization Movement in Great Britain, and to express their earnest desire to see the churches in this country co-operating in a more aggressive and spiritual work than they are at present conducting. The motive of the whole movement—for one spirit animates these three manifestations of it—is a purpose to stop talking about reaching the people who do not go to church and to do something to reach them. To experiment and fail is better than to do nothing, for by unsuccessful experiments honestly and earnestly conducted we at least learn how not to do it.

For the last twenty years or more the Church has been equipping itself with new instruments. It has been like an army acquiring new arms and training itself in their use. First came an epoch of acute criticism of the old theology and the old view of the Bible—an epoch largely destructive. Next came an epoch of constructing a new theology and a new view of the Bible. It was constructive, but it was also apologetic and intellectual, and, perhaps necessarily, polemical. Liberty to think and teach in the terms of a new theology, and to interpret the Bible in the terms of a new criticism, is no longer denied in the Protestant churches. Now, therefore, the time has arrived for those who have been equipping themselves and their fellows with the new forms of thought to make proof of them; to show by actual experiment that the new theology is better adapted than the old to make perfect men according to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, and that the new criticism gives us an interpretation of the Bible more profitable than the old for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness. James Martineau, in a notable comparison of the liberal theology and the old theology, has said: "There is plenty of scope for any young prophet who can bring into his mission the faith and fervor of more spiritual churches in combina-

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tion with the rationality and veracity of ours." The Outlook has no doubt that the new theology and the new criticism have more rationality and more veracity than the old. It is for those that hold them to infuse them both with the faith and fervor of the old. The time for equipping ourselves has passed; the time for action has come.

We have no doubt that the new criticism has given us an understanding of the Bible which should greatly increase its spiritual power; that a conception which regards it as a "message of Israel" is grander than one which regards it as a series of messages from twoscore of miraculously endowed men; that a conception which regards it as the history of a gradual revelation of God in human experience brings it into closer touch with men, because they find their own actual or potential experiences reflected in it. We have no doubt that the new theology has in it the secret of a greater spiritual power than the old theology; that the conception of God which looks into present phenomena, present events, and present experiences for the revelation of God is a better incentive to faith than one which looks only or chiefly to a history of past phenomena, past events, and past experiences; that the conception of Christianity which regards it as a power delivering the individual from present greed and pride and ambition, and delivering society from organized selfishness and injustice, is a better inspiration to hope than a conception which promises only or chiefly deliverance from a future hell or admission to a celestial paradise; and that a conception whose message is "God is love" is a better inspiration to love than one whose burden is the divine justice and a way discovered by which the condemned criminal can escape from justice. We may recur to this subject again, with some consideration of methods adapted to modern conditions; here we simply urge a liberal ministry to leave what has been their necessary work in the past, the exposition and defense of liberalism, for the more attractive and important work, the use of liberalism in the spiritual service of their fellow-men.

The Spectator

The Spectator was calling upon a real naturalist, Mr. Edward Howard Baynes, in his animal caravansary on the edge of Middlesex Fells. On his way thither he had carefully braced his nerves for encounters with the naturalist's wild guests. Had a hawk perched on his shoulder, a snake coiled familiarly round his ankle, or a caterpillar dropped down the back of his neck, he is confident that he would have betrayed not the slightest surprise. But the room into which he was shown was conventional in its order and quiet; no creatures were visible; and the Spectator incautiously dropped his guard. Just then the man of science appeared, his arms literally overflowing with little furry beasts. Without so much as a "by your leave," he dumped the whole wild nursery into the Spectator's astonished arms, and then stood off to admire the effect. It is to be feared that under this sudden deluge of squirming fur the Spectator maintained anything but an unmoved front. The tableau, however, lasted but a fraction of a second; for the fur-babies liked it, if anything, worse than he did. With all possible celerity they wriggled off his knee to the floor; and, behold! they were seven! Seven fluffy, toddling, ridiculous mites of—

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"Well," queried the naturalist, reading the Spectator's bewilderment aright, "what are they?" "C-cubs," the Spectator hazarded, discreetly. "Oh, come, now!" urged the scientist. "Take a little risk. What *sort* of cubs?" The Spectator took a long look before answering, with modest confidence, "Fox cubs; seven little foxes." "Excellent!" said Mr. Baynes; "only three of them are wolves." With that he set a little fox upon the Spectator's right knee and a baby coyote on his left, and the Spectator straightway blushed hotly to think that he could have confused them. It was not merely that the fox's paws were black while the coyote's were brown, nor that his fur was glossy and yellow against the coyote's coat of soft, wavy fawn. The whole expression of the two

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little animals was different. Where the fox was a Celt, the wolf was pure Teuton. The baby fox was all nerves, all sparkle, vivacity, and humor, all bright eyes and inquisitive pointed ears. The little wolf, on the other hand, was serious, determined, heavy-minded. He sat resignedly upon the Spectator's knee, his wistful blue eyes gazing straight before him. He never made a joke in his life. When the two were set down, the difference waxed even more apparent. The fox cub united the grace of a kitten to the foolish toddle of a puppy. He had style. When he was tired, he sat down informally on his tail, put his head wisely on one side, and surveyed the world through his bright yellow eyes with an air of engaging inquiry. But the poor little coyote carried his high-shouldered body lumberingly. He did not even know properly how to play. While the little fox brothers were leaping and tumbling and biting one another like so many high-spirited kittens, he was tugging doggedly but unsmilingly at the fur of a long-suffering rug. Something ought, of course, to be allowed for his extremely tender age, for he had but three against the foxes' six weeks of experience in life.

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While the infantile menagerie amused itself about his feet, Mr. Baynes explained how he came to be the foster-father of such a large and interesting family. The little foxes were born on his estate, their father being the captive "Sprite" who is not unknown to literature. Mrs. Sprite, having taken indiscreet liberties with a farmer's hen-roost, paid the death penalty, and since the Sprite could do nothing for his orphaned cubs, the naturalist adopted the quartette and nursed them through a trying and precarious infancy. Not only had the whole four to be fed through a nursing-bottle every few hours, but, lacking the friendly offices of their mother's shampooing tongue, they required to be daily scrubbed and combed to keep their fur in condition. Just when they were getting to years—no, weeks—of discretion, there came from a Zoölogical Garden an offer of some baby wolves. Mr. Baynes had been longing for an opportunity to study the coyote; so, thinking no doubt that an extension of the beast-orphanage would not greatly increase his anxieties, he sent for the little wolf cubs. The two sets of nurslings got on famously together, there being, seemingly, no race prejudice to divide them.

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While he was expounding these things an idea occurred to Mr. Baynes. "Come out and see the Sprite," said he, "and let us try him with a baby wolf." Suiting the action to the word, he picked up a coyote, bade the Spectator follow with a fox, and led the way to the lawn, where stood a generous wire cage. "Here, Cootie! Cootie!" called the naturalist, and instantly a beautiful yellow creature began to bound excitedly about the inclosure, wagging a fluffy tail. The Spectator stopped short in amazement. "Why," said he, "do foxes wag their tails?" "Just drop that little fellow on the wire roof," was the response, "and see what *he*'ll do." The Spectator did as he was bid. The Sprite nearly flew out of his skin in the excess of his paternal zeal, licked the wires beneath the cub's little black feet, and finally seized on a bit of meat and tried to feed it to his hopeful offspring. As for the cub, his whole absurd little body wagged with the mad wagging of his lovely tail. "That is not the only dog trait that belongs to the fox," said Mr. Baynes. "Just poke your finger through the wires of Cootie's cage and he'll show you another." Gingerly, it must be admitted, the Spectator obeyed, and Cootie with friendly enthusiasm licked the finger!

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While the Sprite was bestowing flattering attentions upon the Spectator, his master opened his cage door and slipped in Cootie *fils* and the little coyote. The foxling made himself thoroughly at home. Seizing on a huge turkey's foot from the Sprite's larder, he dragged it into a dark corner, where he growled over it quite horribly. Not so the wolf cub. Whimpering, he crouched close to the netting as far as possible

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from the Sprite's beautiful, inquiring face. The big fox fidgeted about in much perturbation of spirit. He tried his sharp teeth tentatively upon the cowering alien, and the Spectator suspects that had there been no onlookers he would have done more than try them. The Spectator breathed more freely when the hand of science intervened to draw the helpless youngster out of his precarious situation.

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The other denizens of Mr. Baynes's outdoor zoo were not prepossessing. The Spectator regarded from a safe distance the menacing form of Isaac, the big turkey-buzzard. He held for a moment, out of politeness, a coarse-haired, black-and-white animal of an unpopular genus. And he permitted a vicious twenty-pound snapping-turtle to make deep dents in the ferule of his favorite cane. He inquired anxiously for the snakes, but the scientist regretted that he had none to show, though he doubted not that some of the runaways of the year past might be found sulking under the porch, if the Spectator was very keen about seeing some. He wasn't. Indeed, it was with something very like a shudder that he asked whether it would not do as well to study these sinister-looking creatures without sharing with them one's hearthstone. The scientist shook his head. "You never know an animal till you've summered and wintered with him," said he. "Of course you study him afield. But it's dreadfully easy to blunder that way. For instance, more than one of the scientists engaged in the present nature-war has made himself responsible for the statement that the fox, like the cat, dreads water. Now it is perfectly true that a fox will step daintily over water in his path. The Sprite is very particular about wetting his feet if perchance he overturn his drinking-water. But when he goes down to the pond for a walk, no dog ever showed more swimming enthusiasm than he does. One cannot be too careful. And it won't do to make guesses. I believe I was the first naturalist to note that the white-footed mouse drums with his front feet, making a little faint 'br-r-r!' You see one mouse drum, and if you listen closely you will hear a 'br-r-r!' from another direction, and perhaps half a dozen white-footed drummers will be sounding at once from different parts of the wood. What does it mean? I don't know. Is it a signal? I have no evidence as yet that it is. But a scientific confrère of mine has come out with the statement that the white-footed mouse is dumb, and his only means of communication is through his drumming. Now I have roomed with a white-footed mouse; have had him gnaw his way out of his cage, and come to perch on my very pillow; and I know him for an inveterate squeaker. Dumb, indeed! That's a fair sample of the danger of jumping to conclusions."

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At this point the naturalist suddenly hushed his voice and became a graven image. "Look!" he murmured, under his breath. "There is one of my out-patients, so to speak." The Spectator followed his gaze and beheld upon a tree, not a foot from the veranda rail, a fluffy little black-and-white woodpecker. "The downy woodpecker," said Mr. Baynes. "I bait the veranda rail with suet for him, and he is getting quite to be one of the family. My bird restaurant," he said aloud, as the woodpecker took himself off, "is not open just now." Leading the way round the house, he pointed out a platform in a dead tree, where through the cruel cold of last winter he kept a bountiful bird-table spread for the starving feathered folk of the Fells. "And now," said he, "to take out the taste of buzzards and snappers, I'll show you the shyest and loveliest of all my pets." He disappeared, and came back presently with a flying-squirrel, a beautiful, quivering little creature not much bigger than a mouse, with big liquid eyes, yellow fur as soft as chinchilla, and a tail like a delicate feather arched over its back. If he could fill his house with exquisite creatures like that, the Spectator wouldn't mind opening a caravansary at once.

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English Impressions of Industrial America

By Edward Porritt

IT was my exceptional good fortune to accompany the British Iron and Steel Institute in 1890, when it made its first tour of Industrial America; and again to go with it this winter, when three hundred members of the most cosmopolitan of British scientific and industrial societies, which boast Royal Charters, made a tour of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and were welcome visitors at the numerous and various plants at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Buffalo. A period of fourteen years makes many gaps in an association like the Iron and Steel Institute, whose members are usually well on in middle life before they attain distinction in the iron and steel-making craft in England. There were, however, many members of the 1904 party who were in the country in 1890. In the meanwhile England and America have grown much nearer, socially, industrially, and politically; and to me, as an Englishman who has thrown his lot with the newer country, the pleasantly notable feature of the 1904 tour was the greatly changed attitude of the English visitors towards America and American industrial development and enterprise.

Even in 1890 everything in the iron and steel world here, excepting shipbuilding, was on a larger scale than in England, although the scale in this country fourteen years ago was not the magnificent scale of the iron and steel plants of to-day. In 1890 the attitude of the British iron and steel men was distinctly reserved and critical. At Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Birmingham, South Chicago, and at the ore mines at the head of Lake Superior, they questioned how it was all going to turn out. They had doubts whether the great plants they then saw would survive the financial strains which come to most vast undertakings; and they wondered where American daring and innovation in the iron and steel world would stop.

On the 1904 tour the attitude of the visitors was different. It was a change of which no one must have been more pleasantly conscious than those of their hosts who had also entertained them fourteen years ago. The visitors realized and freely admitted that American development, great as it has been since 1890, must still go forward; and they were brought face to face with conditions and figures at Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Conneaut which convinced them that there is no likelihood of America's losing the lead which she has now taken in the world's production of iron and steel.

The difference in attitude towards America generally was to me the remarkable feature of the visit. It was noticeable when we were no further on our journey than Philadelphia, where the great surprise for the visitors was the new and marvelously equipped shipbuilding plant on the Delaware River at Camden; and it grew more noticeable as we worked through our long itinerary and devoted day after day to visiting the plants at Pittsburg and Cleveland. This is my own outstanding impression of the tour.

If I were asked to summarize the impressions of the visitors as I heard them expressed and reiterated on our fifteen hundred miles of travel, I should name seven points in American industrial life and economy which most impressed them. These were (1) the vast scale on which the iron and steel industry is carried on; (2) the high quality and comparative cheapness of American ore and coke; (3) the extent to which labor-saving machinery is everywhere called into service; (4) the large and ever-growing output of the plants; (5) the cheapness and efficiency of rail and water transport as compared with transport cost and efficiency in England; (6) the extent and character of the home market for the products of the steel plants; and (7) the high wages of skilled and unskilled labor.

We were at no plant at which laborers were paid less than fourteen or fifteen

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cents an hour; while as regards skilled artisans the wages ranged from thirty to forty cents an hour; and at one plant we visited—that of the Steel and Wire Trust at Newburg, near Cleveland—the men at the rolls in the rod mill are paid as much as eight dollars a day. In the steel plants in England, as in those of this country, many of the men are paid on tonnage. These rates in this country are uniformly higher than in England; while as regards men working by the day—unskilled laborers and artisans—in England four and a half to five dollars a week is a good wage for unskilled laborers; and there are few artisans who are paid more than nine dollars a week.

It will readily be imagined how surprised superintendents of English and Scotch works were at American wages; and especially at the high rates at the plants which are equipped with the most wonderful labor-saving devices—mechanical appliances which in nine instances out of ten are still unknown in England. The visitors attributed these wages to the tariff, and to the enormous demands of the home market. Labor-saving appliances, as I gathered from the Englishmen with whom I talked, are not introduced in England because labor is cheap; because England has not so large a market for the output of her steel plants as there is in this country; and because in England it has not been found practicable to raise the vast capital which is required for installing plants of the scale in this country, and equipped as these plants are at every conceivable turn with machinery for increasing the output, lightening labor, and saving wages charges.

Only one great factory in the iron and steel industry at which women and girls were employed was in our itinerary. There are about two thousand women and girls in the Westinghouse Works at East Pittsburg, and there the British visitors were much surprised at the well-set-up appearance and bearing of the girls, in contrast with the women in nail-making and other industrial plants in England. Factory-workers in England form a more distinct class than they do in America; and in and out of the factory they are stamped as factory girls. Their appearance, their demeanor, and their place in social life are determined by their occupation, all much more than in this country, where the girls and women who work in plants like that at East Pittsburg are not distinguishable on the street from school-teachers or typewriter girls.

Even as regards the pace, the drive and rush of industrial life in this country, the visitors found some surprises. Conditions in this respect were not quite what they had expected—not what is so frequently asserted in the English newspaper press. Except in the wire-rod mills at Cleveland, where the men earn the high wages I have mentioned, and where the work is so hard and demanding that they work for half an hour and then rest for half an hour, we saw comparatively little of the killing pace that in England is thought to be characteristic of American industrial life.

There is now so much machinery—electrical power is called into service here, hydraulic power there, pneumatic power in another place, and steam where these newer powers are not practicable—that the work, even where pig metal is being made, steel ingots molded, and blooms and billets rolled, is much less exhausting than it was ten or fifteen years ago. So much is done by the pulling of a lever; and while it is an object to keep the machinery perpetually going, and while men working on tonnage rates will everywhere push the pace, everything moves with so much order and with such absence of shouting and commotion that the visitors freely conceded that at American plants the work is less hard and brutalizing than in the old-fashioned plants in England, where American ideas and innovations have yet to be introduced. Again and again they admitted to me, as we discussed the mechanical equipment of the various plants, that the pace for the workmen was not what they had imagined; and that much of the gain from the almost universal introduction of machinery had accrued to the workmen, and had made their daily lot much easier than the lot of men at work in English plants where the older

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methods of iron and steel manufacture are still followed.

At the large plants we saw but little of the sordidness of industrial life; none, in fact, that was especially noticeable. There was, on the other hand, much of order and of thought for the comfort, convenience, and education of the employees, that was remarked upon as commendable and worthy of introduction in England.

In the immediate neighborhood of several of the plants there were sordid features which did attract comment from the visitors. The tumble-down dwellings of the Poles and Hungarians at Homestead made them ask whether sanitary inspectors are of the economy of urban industrial communities in this country; whether there are any regulations as to air space in living-rooms; and whether building permits are necessary before houses for working people can be built.

At Cleveland, where scores of wretched shanties, occupied as saloons, are huddled together in what is locally known as the Triangle, in the neighborhood of the ore docks and ship-building yards, I was asked by a county magistrate from Worcestershire what the licensing magistrates were thinking of to permit such an aggregation of saloons. I could only reply that the licensing authority in a city like Cleveland is a very different body from the licensing benches in England, where the aim for twenty years has been to restrict the number of drinking-shops; and while I was endeavoring to explain this to him, our host of the ship-yard, who was driving us back to the hotel, struck in with an explanation. The saloon licenses in the Triangle, he said, were practically settled by the breweries. Almost anybody who could find a shanty and make terms with a brewing company could open a saloon in the pathway of the laborers who go to and from the ore docks and the ship-yards.

Little of the real social life of America was seen by the visitors. They were on the go all the time, visiting plants in the daytime and at receptions and banquets in the evening. They were housed in the newest, most magnificent and high-priced hotels, and the social impression which will stay with them longest is the high cost of living in America. It is an altogether erroneous impression that they have taken back, due chiefly to the hotel life of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Buffalo. This was inevitable from the magnificent scale on which the tour was organized, and the one regret that I have concerning the tour is that the visitors saw practically nothing of the home life in this country—not even of the home life of the men who are engaged in the same line of work. They certainly saw nothing of the home life of the less wealthy people of America, which to my mind is seen at its best in such cities as Albany, Rochester, Hartford, Springfield, or Worcester—cities which, for some unaccountable reason, unless the blame can be laid on the guide-books, are so often missed by visitors to this country who have more leisure than the men and women who were of the Iron and Steel Institute party.

The tour was distinctly a business undertaking. The men of the party were here to learn exactly what America is doing in 1904 in the iron and steel world, and they pursued this object with all the zeal with which they push business at home. The New York Reception Committee, and the local committees at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Conneaut, and Buffalo, co-operated to afford them every opportunity for seeing what is being done. It is not the fault of the reception committees if any of the visitors failed to learn what American conditions in the iron and steel trade actually are—the nature and extent of its magnificent natural opportunities; how far mechanical appliances have been developed, and how rail and water transport is managed; and, finally, how American labor conditions compare with those of England.

A brief paragraph is sufficient to state what in the main were the conclusions of the British visitors on the most important of these American conditions. There was a general agreement among them, often communicated to interviewers for the local newspapers of the cities we visited, that the iron and steel trade

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in this country is peculiarly well situated in three important respects. It has almost unbounded natural resources at its command. It has coal which makes splendid metallurgical coke, ores which carry high percentages of iron, and which can be brought the greater part of the distance from the mines to the furnaces by water; limestone which is easily obtained and which fluxes well; and natural gas, which can be used with economy in the later stages of steel production.

Moreover, the American trade has a vast and growing home market; and Americans of to-day have available capital which can always be drawn upon to equip an iron or steel-making plant on the most modern scale, with all the latest labor-saving machinery, whenever such an investment can be presented in an attractive prospectus. This last feature was especially noticeable in the number of independent iron and steel concerns. The Steel Trust sets the pace in equipment. It is the greatest factor in the American iron and steel trade. But, as the English visitors discovered, it is not quite the whole trade. They realized this when they visited the Jones & Laughlin plant at Pittsburg, and again when they were informed, later on, that only a little more than one-half of the twenty-two or twenty-three million tons of ore which in the Lake season of 1904 were shipped to Lake Erie ports from the mines at the head of Lake Superior were taken by the Steel Trust.

American Traditions and American Ideals

II.—Political Ideals

By Lyman Abbott

THE Puritans believed that God was in his Bible and in his Church, but they also believed that God was in the individual man, and because in the individual man in current events, and because in current events in government. This was the foundation of their doctrine of liberty. Every man has ears wherewith he may hear the voice of God, eyes wherewith he may see the presence of God, a heart wherewith he may feel the impulse of God. Every man can stand face to face with God. Every man may go up into Mount Sinai and talk with God. This is liberty; and whenever or wherever any system, philosophy, or ecclesiastical or political organism stifles the ear or blinds the eye or forbids the man to climb up Mount Sinai and find God for himself, the Puritan opposed to it a bitter hostility. This was the ground of his love of liberty. It was more than a love for man; it was more than a faith in man. It was a faith in man as God's son, and it was a faith in a God who dwells in man.

If to-day a Cromwell or a Milton could hear any man saying, "This black man is ignorant, he has been enslaved, he is a child of barbarism, he is superstitious, he is thriftless, he is vicious, he is animal, therefore he shall not be free," the Puritan would reply, "Just by so much as he is ignorant and superstitious and thriftless and poor and needy and a child of slavery and of barbarism, by just so much he shall be free to have the ear and the eye and the heart opened to God and the pathway free that he may climb to the throne of God"—for it is in freedom that man hears God's voice, it is in freedom that men see God's presence, it is in freedom that they feel the touch of his benediction on their brows, and it is by freedom that they are lifted up into his eternal sonship.

The Puritans have been criticised a good deal for going to the Old Testament rather than to the New, but they were quite right. The New Testament deals with man's personal relation with God; the Old Testament deals with the problems of society. What is the nature of government? What are its functions?

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What should be its organization? What are the rights of the individual in it and under it? The Old Testament gives full answers to these questions. Only here and there do we get a little side-light on them in the New Testament. And these were the questions the Puritans confronted. In going to the Old Testament they went to the right source for the answers. They found there an ideal commonwealth sketched. Some modern scholars think that it never existed and was purely ideal, some think it is historic. Whether the one or the other view is true, it was there. And in this ideal they found a government founded on the authority of God interpreted through the voice of the people, expressed in representative assemblies; a government without any social caste or class whatever; a government with slavery so hedged about that under the influence of these limitations it died a natural and peaceful death; a government with a priesthood absolutely dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people and having no independent authority over them; a prophetic order that required no tactual succession of any kind, but allowed any man who felt within himself the spirit of God speaking to him to repeat that speech to others and let them judge.

This was what the Puritans found there—this and much more like this. They borrowed it from the Old Testament, and they undertook to enthrone it in the English Constitution and then to bring it over to America. The end they sought was always individual liberty through government. They were seeking to develop in every man such power to hear the voice of God and to understand him through the conscience, such power to realize the law of God and to obey it, that man should govern himself, not be governed by his neighbor. But this was their end and not their beginning. Individual independence was not the Alpha and the Omega of liberty; it was only the Omega. They worked through government towards this as an ultimate, for they counted that governments also are redemptive as well as churches. They counted that the object of government is to bring about the kingdom of God and the will of God on the earth. This was the basis of their democracy.

Later there came another theory from the Old World, from semi-pagan France; from a philosophy that either said there is no God, or no God that concerns himself about us, or no God that we need to concern ourselves about. This theory was that men have made a compact by which they have agreed to surrender a part of their individual liberty in exchange for the benefits of a social order, and on this compact government is based.

These two systems grew up together, the Pagan and the Puritan; they are absolutely irreconcilable. The one affirms that government is founded on the consent of the governed, the other affirms that government is founded on the authority of Almighty God. The Puritan conception of God was always this: God is in the hearts of the children of men; therefore in his Church, in his Book, in Government. Government was, in the Puritan conception of it, a divine government, with a divine authority back of it, and through it, and speaking in it. Once more, that I may not seem to be evolving a conception of Puritanism out of my own consciousness in order to fit it to the theory I myself hold, I quote one of the ablest of modern English historians, who, as an interpreter of the spirit of the English people, is, I believe, quite the ablest of all her historians. Says John Richard Green in his "History of the English People:"

> The temper of the Puritan, indeed, was no temper of mere revolt. His resistance, if he was forced to resist, would spring not from any disdain of kingly authority, but from his devotion to an authority higher and more sacred than that of kings. He had as firm a faith as the nation at large in the divine right of the sovereign, in the sacred character of the throne. It was, in fact, just because his ruler's authority had a divine origin that he obeyed him. But the nation about the throne seemed to the Puritan not less divinely ordered a thing than the throne itself; it was the voice of God, inspiring and directing, which spoke through its history and its laws; it was God that guided to wisdom the hearts of Englishmen in Parliament assembled as he guided to wisdom the hearts of kings. Never was the respect for positive law so profound; never was the reverence for Parliaments so great as at the death of Elizabeth. There was

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none of the modern longing for a king that reigned without governing; no conscious desire shows itself anywhere to meddle with the actual exercise of the royal administration. But the Puritan could only conceive of the kingly power as of a power based upon constitutional tradition, controlled by constitutional law, and acting in willing harmony with that body of constitutional counselors in the two Houses who represented the wisdom and the will of the realm. It was in the creation of such a temper as this that Puritanism gave its noblest gift to English politics. It gave a gift hardly less noble to society at large in its conception of social equality. Their common calling, their common brotherhood in Christ, annihilated in the mind of the Puritans that overpowering sense of social distinctions which characterized the age of Elizabeth. There was no open break with social traditions; no open revolt against the social subordination of class to class. But within these forms of the older world beat for the first time the spirit which was to characterize the new. The meanest peasant felt himself ennobled as a child of God. The proudest noble recognized a spiritual equality in the poorest "saint."[1]

The Puritans did not believe that individual liberty and a strong central government are inconsistent. They believed in both. Their democracy was a theocracy; their theocracy a democracy. They believed that individual liberty is to be wrought out under and by a strong government; that the protection of individual liberty is dependent on a strong government, and that the end of a strong government is the development of the individual in liberty. They believed that this government should be in the hands of the best men. There was an old theory of the divine right of kings—they did not believe that; there is a modern theory of the divine right of majorities—they would not have believed that. They did not believe in the omniscience or omnipotence of mere majorities. Lord Rosebery says that all his life long Cromwell was fighting the majority. They believed that strength lay in conscience, and they believed in the power of a strong government because they believed there was greater strength in the voice of God speaking in the conscience of man than in all armies and navies, in all scepters and crowns. The men who, fifty years ago, were scouted here in America because they proclaimed a higher law than the Constitution were the true sons of the Puritans. It was the higher law for which Puritanism has always stood, and for which it stands to-day—that higher law as interpreted by the men who are both mystics and men of action.

What would the Puritan have said of the modern American who washes his hands with supercilious pride and says, "I take no interest in politics"? He would have said of him, Here is a man who takes no interest in the kingdom of God, no interest in the welfare of his fellow-men, no interest in his solemn and sacred duties. Men sometimes say that our best citizens take no interest in politics. It is absurdly false. The man who does not take an interest in politics is never one of our best citizens; and the higher his intelligence, the greater his wealth, the better his social position, the worse is his citizenship if he does not care what becomes of the State, nor take upon himself the responsibilities that belong to a man in his position. The Puritan believed that the best should govern while men were being educated and trained for self-government. I think he would have accepted it as an axiom not to be debated, that the man who cannot govern himself is not fit to govern others.

What does this ideal of the Puritan, a divine government resting on the interpretation and understanding of divine law, rooted in faith in the immediacy of God, in his presence in the hearts of his children—what does this mean respecting the two great problems that we confront to-day—the negro problem and the Philippine problem?

We had in this country three millions of negroes—children of barbarism, and trained in slavery. We set them free, and then we thought our duty was ended. We threw on them the responsibility of government when they were not fit to govern themselves, still less to govern us. We said, We have paid enough and sacrificed enough and served enough; let them learn. And they have not been learning so much as we have! The Puritan would have said, This people are to be governed by the intelligent,

[1] John Richard Green, "History of the English People," Vol. III., pp. 17, 18.

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the virtuous, the God-fearing, until by school and church and government their conscience and reason have been educated; then, and not till then, shall the scepter be given them.

Six of the Southern States have recently changed their Constitutions—Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. I shall not stop to speak of the temporary provisions in these Constitutions which, except in North Carolina, have now all ceased to be operative; but under the permanent, provisions any man, black or white, is entitled to vote, if he can read the English language, owns three hundred dollars' worth of property, and pays his poll tax.[1] Yet men call that disfranchising the negro. Some say the law is not justly enforced. In some sections of the South it is, in some sections of the South it is not. But if a law is unjustly enforced, the remedy is to enforce it. If a law is unjust, the remedy is to repeal it. I believe in this honest endeavor of the great majority of the Southern people to provide such conditions of the suffrage as shall limit it to men who have sufficient intelligence to understand the language of the country they live in as it is put before them in type, enough of the elemental virtues of industry, honesty, temperance, and thrift to have laid by three hundred dollars' worth of property, and sufficient patriotism to pay their poll tax, which never exceeds three dollars a year. That endeavor should have, not our grudging and reluctant acquiescence, but our cordial and hearty indorsement.

We have another dependent people thrown upon our hands—the Filipinos. How? No matter how. One man says, "Manifest destiny," another, "The course of events," another says, "Our own blundering." Is there so much difference? Does not our blundering constitute a part of the course of events? Has it not been manifest in a good deal of our manifest destiny? Does it not enter into a part of the providence of God to overrule men's blunders? However they have come under our authority, we are responsible for this people—responsible to our own consciences, to them, to the civilized world, to Almighty God. What are we to do? There are three things we might do. First, we might say, We cannot manage this problem; we will hand it over to a wiser people, the Japanese for instance. That has been seriously proposed. We might say, We have set them free; now we will sail away and leave them to cut their own throats if they like; we have no further responsibility. We might say, We will take possession of these islands and these people, and we will "appropriate"—that is the longer word, "steal" is the shorter and better word—their possessions. Or we might say, The providence of God, manifest destiny, the course of events, our own blunders, have put these millions of people into our keeping. Inspired by the fundamental faith of Puritanism that in all men—black and white, yellow and red, little and big, Anglo-Saxon, African and Malay—there is a conscience that can hear the voice of God, a reason that can understand him, a faith that can perceive him, we will go to those islands and in a public school system, in organized justice and law, in representative institutions, we will lay the foundations broad and deep for a self-governing community. Which of these is the ideal? Is it nobler for us to turn them over to some other nation because we confess our own incompetence? Is it nobler to sail away from them because we mistrust the itching of our own fingers for their possessions? Or is it nobler for those of us who have a conscience, who have patriotism, and a love for humanity, to say: In the name of Almighty God, we will hold these people under our authority until we have developed in them a conscience and a reason which shall enable them to sail their own ship across the future seas?

There are those who say, The American people cannot be trusted to do so great a work. If we govern these islands, we shall rob their inhabitants. If I thought so meanly of my country as that, I too would say, Let us sail away. If you find a poor, ragged, wretched,

[1] The so-called "understanding clause" does not require the applicant to read *and* understand, but allows him to vote if he can either read *or* understand. Under this clause, in some sections, negroes as well as white men have been registered although they could not read.

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hungry boy upon the street, and you are afraid that if you take him home you will rob him of what few clothes he has, and starve him to a still hungrier point, and set him to be your slave, you had better leave him in the street, of course. But there is something better to do than that, and here we are considering ideals.

We shall never make a great Republic on the basis of Rousseau's philosophy. We shall never make a great Nation by basing it on a polite and courteous godlessness that bows the Almighty out of our domain, that believes in a God who has spoken only to an ancient people, or speaks now only through a professional hierarchy. The foundation of liberty is the immediacy of God's presence in the church of to-day, in the government of to-day, in the individual heart of to-day. If we have that faith, we need not be afraid to take up any responsibility which is laid upon us. This Nation is not a sordid nation, it is a nation of splendid ideals. No other country within a hundred years last past has developed such splendid leaders as we have produced. Men scoff at American politics; what other nation has given us political leaders to compare with the galaxy that we have given to the world? We are not afraid to put our own Washington or Lincoln by the side of a Cavour or a Bismarck or a Gambetta or a Gladstone. Then, when these greatest men have passed, what others are left for us? A Jefferson, a Hamilton, a Madison, a Clay, a Webster, a Sumner, a Seward, a Chase, a McKinley, a Roosevelt. Where can we find a more splendid administrator of a great humane War Department, conducted not primarily to destroy, but primarily to build up on the ruins that war has made, than we find in that fellow-citizen of our own State, Elihu Root? Where can we find a man with more splendid Christian ideals than that diplomat of the diplomats, who, in the midst of a great war, simply by the stroke of a pen, has brought all Europe to agree, and these warring powers themselves to agree, to put a limit around the territory in which they will carry on the war? In what church missionary band shall we find a more luminous and inspiring example of self-sacrifice for the poor and lowly than in the service rendered to our neighbors across the sea, at the sacrifice of his own long-cherished and honorable ambition for judicial service, by Judge Taft, whom future generations will honor as the founder of the Filipino State? What Cromwell said on the field of Dunbar for England, we, inspired by his faith in this opening of the twentieth century, may say for America: "If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give your hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory and the glory of your commonwealth, then, beside the benefits England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other nations who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn to the light."

St. Mark VIII. 36

By Samuel Merwin

Author of "The Merry Anne," etc., etc.

MR. THOMPSON, without heeding a good-night hail from the captain, entered his stateroom, abaft the wheel-house. He removed his shoes, his collar and cuffs, and turned up the collar of his coat. He was burning with excitement; his fingers were thumbs, his eyeballs hot in his head. The autumn night had come down on Lake Michigan with its chill, its loneliness, its mystery. The steamer was afloat in the air, black above, black below, with an occasional glimmer, a dozen miles to starboard, where the land lay, where, beneath the glimmer, men walked and slept and loved and hated.

Thompson extinguished his light. Then, stealthily opening the door and peering out, he seized a moment when the captain was standing motionless at the farther end of the bridge to slip outside, close the door silently after him,

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and steal down one ladder and then another to the lower deck. Here he was safe. The cavernous between-decks was empty. Thompson knew his steamer as a man knows his bedroom; he stepped softly in his stockings, running his fingers along the side-wall, feeling his way with nice touch from rib to rib. But his fingers hesitated in tapping across one of the ribs, and the association of the word with the human anatomy flashed across his turbulent thoughts. The steamer possessed an individuality; the throb of the engines was the beat of her heart; he could feel her pulse. He stood motionless, shivering. A haunting sound floated out of the dark, above the scurrying of the rats. He was dogged, he knew it, and, more, he knew that this Other Person who clung at his heels wore no human shape. With an effort that set his nerves quivering, he summoned his reason and threw off the mystical sense of dual personality that had latterly disturbed him, and moved forward. The rats were still now skulking in holes and corners; the eyes of the darkness were fixed on him; behind him, tap for tap, step for step, hung the Other Person. And yet, the shreds of his will remained to him. He got to the bulkhead which shut off the engines into the stern; he feverishly gathered the rubbish and the empty packing-boxes that lay littered about; he heaped them up and lighted them, and stood licking his lips with a sound not unlike that of the flames that leaped up like a hundred demons suddenly set free. But then all at once the strength he had summoned fell away, and he turned with sudden fear of the demons and ran, a silent bounding figure, the length of the deck to the bow ladder. Before him, mocking his every movement, leaped his shadow; behind him, step for step, bound for bound, patient as the grave, ran that Something which, writhe and twist as he might, he could not escape.

Like a thief he returned to his stateroom, slipping from shadow to shadow. He threw off his clothes in the dark, hurried into his berth, and pulled up the blanket. The Other Person was in the room with him. He shut his eyes, he covered them with the clothing; the face that was not a face could not be shut out—it slipped within his eyelids. Was it a fancy that this face was growing more distinct? At first, years ago, he had shivered it with a shake of his head, as one breaks a mirror with a blow. A chill struck to his heart at the thought that it was going to speak to him, and he shook his head feebly. What if the fire should burn out without result, leaving the morning to discover a heap of charred wood between decks! Perhaps to sit up and read would quiet his nerves—but no, he must simulate sleep against the moment when he should be called. Was It about to speak? Why did It part its lips? Why did they not call him? Must he lie there, minute after minute, hour after hour, with the music of the water in his ears, with the slow pacing of the captain on the bridge, with the endless heart-beat of the engines? Four bells rang out into the night.

They were pounding at his door—should he answer?

"Wake up, sir, wake up!"

How far away, how strange the voice sounded!

"Wake up, sir! The steamer is afire!"

Ah, so all was well. But why was his personality detached from all this? Why did he feel no excitement?

"Are you awake, sir?"

"Well—what is it?" said Thompson.

"We are afire, sir! I have ordered full speed ahead and turned in towards the beach."

It was again night. The street below the window was silent; the house—old, lonely, given over all save this front room to dust and echoes—was still. Bowed over the table, holding in his trembling hands a check, sat Thompson. He was not speaking; he dared not look up; for before him stood a shape almost human, not to be resisted. The Other Person was larger than Thompson now. He knew that It was was about to speak for the first time, and he was waiting.

"Thompson!"

He shuddered. All the haunting echoes of the house had a part in that voice—all the memories which he had

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battered down during these years; it was a voice from the grave, and yet horribly like his own. Like a man in a dream, he found his feet chained to the floor. The check burned his fingers; he would have flung it away, but he could not. Then slowly he felt his eyes drawn upward. He struggled to fix them on the table, on the check, on the walls, ceiling, anywhere, save on that Thing; but slowly, steadily, they came up, met the wavering outlines of those other eyes, and remained fixed there. A moan broke from his gray lips, then they were fixed together. All his past life as he had dryly, harshly spun it out and flung it behind him was woven into the fibers of the Thing before him. He was bound, like Gulliver, with a hundred thousand threads.

"Thompson, this has been a long struggle, though not an uninteresting one. There was a period in my youth when I dared not hope to get you into my grasp. You were keen and shrewd, you were always well within the law, even, at first, within the moral law. A dry, hard nature like yours is difficult of approach. With a little more sentiment there, I could have got at you much sooner; for emotion leads to momentary weakenings, often to remorse, and remorse is the easiest to manipulate of the vices, It was interesting to observe the working out of your chosen course. You early committed yourself to methods which led you on relentlessly into what you now are. As your business grew, you found it necessary to draw apart from your friends, to crush out your competitors. You have been silent, merciless. You have imagined that the building up of your private fortune was the purpose of all economic law. Indeed, as your power increased, you came to fancy yourself the personification of fate; and all your later inhuman acts you have excused to yourself on this assumption. It has been interesting, especially of late, for with each new mistake you have added to my own strength."

The wavering eyes acted as a burning-glass for some blazing, unearthly light behind them; yet Thompson could not turn away, could not even raise his hand to shut it out. The Voice went on. It was not malignant. If the eyes were a burning-glass, the voice, too, was merely focusing a larger voice which lay beyond Thompson's comprehension. The most baffling feature of the moment was that no One, no Thing, was angry with Thompson; simply the ball of fate was rolling on. During the years of his life he had nimbly balanced himself on it; but now he was slipping and falling under. He tried to speak, but succeeded only in parting his lips for a feeble moment.

"Another interesting feature, Thompson, is that you have no other resource to aid you now. You have read, thought, worked, lived, only to preserve and increase your power. If you had made but a few generous mistakes, it might be better for you now. Your conception of the main business of life has been wholly false. If you had been given to reading history—and it is only by the study of other times that a man can hope to understand his own—you might have been led to ponder the mutability of things. In your mean way, you are but another Napoleon, who fell from the control of Europe to a whining, impotent end. No, do not waste your strength in attempting to answer me; to you even whining is denied. See, your thoughts are running back over your life. You are recalling the night you first saw me. It was after you had wrested the control of these very steamers from your cousin by a neat trick. You smile faintly? The pride of life is now your only stay. Ah, it is I who should smile. In this moment you have added to my strength. I appeared to you that night, and for the first time since your childhood your nerves gave way. Then, when the reverses came, I thrived. You were dragged on from crime to crime. Time and again I had you nearly in my grip; time and again you eluded me. I have had to wait; but time is unknown to me. I knew that the issue of the struggle depended on yourself. If your will should endure until age and experience could soften you, could show you somewhat of the real meaning of life, it was always possible that you might repent and thus escape me. But no, you needed

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money; you stepped over the line. When you struck the match that night, you became mine. I might have claimed you then. But it was better to let you go on with the struggle until the money should be in your hands. You have it now. You have succeeded. And the end of your escape from society is that you fall victim to yourself. You are in hell, Thompson. My grip is on your naked soul. I shall never let go until I have wrenched it from your body, from your will—until all these things that you prize—shrewdness, money, power—shall drop away from you like your clothes, like the flesh of your body."

"The flesh of my body," whispered Thompson.

He had broken the spell. With a mighty struggle he dropped his eyes. He tried his feet—they moved. With every muscle tense, he slowly pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Then he turned on the shadowy figure, beat it down, darted out of the room, slammed the door after him, locked it, and sank down weakly at the top of the stairs. Once more he had mastered himself.

For a long time he could not summon strength to rise; but, nevertheless, he felt the glow of triumph. At length he groped down the stairs and got out to the front steps, locking the outer door behind him. The night air revived him. He leaned on the railing. His eyes wandered up the street. Yes, the world was young as ever; the stream of life was flowing by—he could hear the murmur of it from other busier streets. Trees were turning; a few months and they would bud again. In his heart the leaves were dropping, but with no glow of color—gray and shriveled they fell. Was the old trunk still sound? Would he feel the buds there in the spring?

It would be necessary to take a room in some other quarter; he could never unlock his door again. He had eaten nothing. Perhaps—a restaurant—

His foot halted, poised in air. His hand gripped the stone railing. A wave of cold passed over him. For over his shoulder, mocking, merciless, floated a laugh. He had put his trust in locks!

The last leaf had fluttered down. Hopeless, he leaped down the steps and ran up the street. His will failed him. He knew that fleetness of foot could not save him, yet he ran on. Little fiends played about him, now dogging his heels, now leaping and bounding before, now penetrating to his heart and urging him on. Where they directed he followed, until before him he saw the river. This was left; here perhaps lay rest. He ran out on the deserted wharf, and, prompted by some insane fancy, threw off his coat. On the brink he paused. His eyes gazed blindly at the silent rows of ships, at the dim bridges, at the colored lights. If he could not run away from himself, here he would end it all.

But he caught, slipping and scrambling, at a post, and drew himself back. He heard the laugh. "No," he cried aloud. "No! You have brought me here! You have tempted me to this! I see you—under the water—you smile—you cannot deceive me!" He turned like a rat in a corner. A horrible thought came that fate was playing with him, but he shook it off. Did not the rat sometimes escape?

He thought that an hour later a coatless man ran panting into the police station. He stood a moment staring about the room; then, seeing a kindly man in uniform behind the desk, he approached him and spoke in a low, mumbling voice, with a look of cunning. "There is another person after me," he said. "I locked him in, but he got out through the door."

"Did he break the door open?"

"Oh, no. He is not a real person, such as you or me. He must have come through the wood, or through the wall."

"Ah, I see."

"We had had some words," continued Thompson. "He said that I had no right to burn my own steamer, the Ezra B. Thompson." He added, with a touch of pride, "I am Mr. Thompson."

"But you received your insurance money, did you not, Mr. Thompson?"

Thompson looked slyly around, then showed the check, crumpled into a ball in his hand. "I have it here."

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"I should suggest, Mr. Thompson," said the officer, "that you go up to the hospital for a few days. He would hardly look for you there. I have a 'bus outside now, and my men will be glad to take you with them. If you like, I will take care of this check for you in my safe."

"I wish you would," said Thompson.

He thought he was thrust into a covered wagon and jolted rapidly over the streets. The men were very kind. They led him into a warm building. There were guards here, he was safe. He sat down on a narrow bed and drew a deep breath. Then there came a sound. His heart stopped beating. Over his shoulders, at his ear, within his brain—the laugh—

The gray head lay bowed on the table. The white hand clutched the check. The lamp was still burning, though dawn had come. A ray from the eastern sun slipped between the shutters and fell gently on the seamed face. And while it rested there it seemed to soften the harsh lines, to subdue the terror in the eyes. Thompson had gone to his account.

Memory Work in Character-Forming[1]

By Walter L. Hervey

THE general theme of memory work in character-forming is a very broad one, since character-forming is the goal of all education and memory work its universal condition. I shall be limited, therefore, to a discussion of, first, the ground and value; secondly, the scope and limits, and, finally, the method of learning by heart, in the home, as a means of character-forming.

In its main outlines the psychology of the process of character-forming through memory work is very simple. A man's character is the inner structure which determines his life. That structure is, as Aristotle says, the product of nature, habit, and reason. That is to say, whatever we do at any moment is an expression of character, and character is a complex of native tendencies or instincts, which we may call first nature; of tendencies, acquired either consciously or unconsciously, which have become so firmly a part of ourselves that we call them second nature; and of those impulses, ideals, desires, aspirations, resolves, which are neither original in us nor as yet fully built into us, but which influence action and go to make up character.

The essential points in character-building are, therefore, three: First, to build upon the foundation laid in the child's original nature, which, so far from being sunk in total depravity, is at the start of life equipped with every necessary element and seed of goodness, and which for perfect development requires only the food and motion appropriate to each advancing stage of growth. It is the child's nature to demand as his proper food and motion something worth while to learn by heart. And if he seems to take more readily to "Spotless Town" than to the Twenty-third Psalm, that is not so much proof of depravity in him as it is proof of negligence in us. Try him at the age when he is eager and impressionable with that which is equally adapted and at the same time more worth while, and see if, guided, he will not respond to that with his higher nature as eagerly as, unguided, he responds to the other with his lower nature.

Secondly, as regards habit, we have the familiar maxims: "Solidify into habits as many useful reactions as possible;" "Make the nervous system friend instead of enemy." It is sufficient to say under this head that learning by heart is nothing more than the forming of a set of habits.

Thirdly, as regards reason, or character in the making, we affirm that that which is presented as food—as character material—should be fully assimilated,

[1] Delivered before the Religious Education Association at its second annual meeting, March, 1904.

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that it may become a permanent possession of the soul. Now, learning by heart is one step, and an indispensable step, in the process of character-forming by assimilation. The cumulative Baconian series is suggestive. It is well to *read*, it is better to *mark*, but to *learn* puts one well on the way towards *inward digestion*, whereby that which is vitally taken into the mind becomes structurally built into the character.

Adaptation, assimilation, habituation—these words sum up for us the beginning, the middle, and the end of character-forming; and, as we have seen, they supply the general argument for memory work.

There are, too, the special arguments, which we can but touch on. It is the universal testimony of mankind that the word-for-word memorizing of classic and beautiful forms of words enriches the speech, forms the taste, feeds the mind, fortifies the soul. The Psalmist beautifully puts his argument for learning by heart when he says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." It is the experience of multitudes of those who have been brought up to love often repeated forms of devotion that by their very familiarity and use these forms gain inexpressibly in their power to help us—"in all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment." Of all those who have borne testimony on this matter I shall cite but one as being clearly unbiased and as combining the most pronounced disadvantages with the most striking and unqualifiedly favorable results—the case of John Ruskin. After speaking, in "Præterita," of the salutary pleasures of his home, he says: "I have next, with deeper gratitude, to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music—yet in that familiarity reverenced as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct." In these lessons, which began as soon as he was able to read with fluency, and never ceased till he went to Oxford, he says: "My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year." After the reading "I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Sc ttish paraphrases."

Then follows the vivid picture of the long morning hours of toil—"toil on both sides equal;" the struggle for accuracy to the least accent, and for understanding, if that was within reach; the list of chapters learned by heart with which (he says of his mother) "she established my soul in life," and, finally, the summary of results in these remarkable and significant words: "And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."

So much, then, for the argument for memory work. It is time now to make a distinction.

Not all learning can or should be memoriter learning. The line is very sharply drawn. Where the exact language is immaterial it is an abuse to require it. In such cases it is no less important to neglect and to forget at the right places than it is to attend and to remember. But where the exact language, by reason of intrinsic worth, is an inherent element in the truth to be conveyed, the case is different. Here form and substance are so vitally interwoven that the form cannot be changed without essential loss to the substance.

In former days there was excess of memorizing and defect of judgment. There are many of my readers who as children were required to learn memoriter page after page of their history books. I myself learned a catechism of history contained in the cacophonous "Mon-ith's Youth's History of the United

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States." In these days the wise teacher places a premium on the pupil's getting the gist of the lesson and saying it in his own words. But the danger now is that there will be excess of judgment and defect of word-for-word memorizing, and that the practice of learning word for word that which should be so learned will fall into disuse.

Let us now seek a criterion. What should be so learned? The question embarrasses, not because there is so little, but so much. There is nothing named in Ruskin's long list which it would not be good to memorize; but we are forced by every difference between his time and our own, and particularly by the difference between him and our children and between their parents and his mother, to ask, not what were good, but what is best. It seems to me self-evident that that material which is best for memory work is that which, by its truth, its beauty, and its living power, most universally and permanently satisfies the soul. For if it be true, it will satisfy the intellect; if beautiful, the feelings; if vital, the will. To be true it must apply to all mankind, at every epoch of development and in every age. To be beautiful it must be clothed in language that perfectly expresses the truth and permanently satisfies the heart. To be vital it must touch the life—giving form and spirit to prayer and praise, giving wings to aspiration, giving impulse to action. That which is fittest to learn by heart will therefore be found, not so much in the form of rules, or definitions, or dogmas, or "stiff and stark external commands"—for "whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away." That which is fittest to learn by heart we shall find rather in "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge"—in poetry and in poetic prose. Matthew Arnold was very nearly right in saying that "in poetry . . . our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay," and that "the strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." Judged by this criterion, the list of that which is of most worth for purposes of memory work will include:

(1) Those sweet and majestic words of Jesus of which he himself said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," words which are the more permanent as they do not take the form of "stiff and stark external commands."

(2) Those Psalms that are unequaled in beauty of language and in power to satisfy the spirit of man in its loftiest and its deepest moods.

(3) The sublime and often mystical poetry found in Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Revelation.

(4) Ancient and beautiful forms of prayer, such as may be found in the Book of Common Prayer, and which, when found, are eagerly recognized by children as being suitable to their tastes and needs.

(5) Classic forms of sound words embodying edifying doctrine such as are wont to be sought chiefly in catechisms, but which can be found elsewhere as well. But it should be remembered that there are catechisms and catechisms, and it must certainly be agreed that, for purposes of memorizing, not much of some catechisms, and not all of any catechism, is worthy to be compared, for utility or for intrinsic worth, with portions of Scripture without number which remain unlearned. Indiscriminate catechism-committing is, happily, going out of vogue. Even in the Episcopal Church, where the rubric prescribes a catechism as an "instruction to be learned by every person before he be brought to be confirmed by the bishop," a distinction is made between *saying* "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments," and *answering to* the other questions. This language—since "learning" does not necessarily mean rote-learning, and "answering to" questions does not necessarily involve the use of uniform and prescribed phrases—certainly leaves a convenient latitude to those who believe that in general the language of doctrine does not deserve the same sacred handling as the words of Jesus or the language of inspired poetry. I need not add that I speak neither by permission nor by commandment, but simply express, as I feel bound to do, the views of a plain pedagogue upon a question

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which is, in one of its aspects, a question of pedagogy.

We are ready to consider, in conclusion, some constructive suggestions regarding the conduct of memory work at home.

1. Memory work at home should be co-operative, yet independent. Children are being taught some memoriter work at day-school and at Sunday-school; they ask their parents to "hear" them, and the hearing of such lessons is one thing, at least, which parents can do without the *odium scholasticum* which attaches to parental help in an arithmetic lesson. So much is due the school. But there is something, also, which the home owes itself—to have its own line of work and hold thereto, whether school keeps or not. Moreover, the Sunday-school can never, in my judgment, do much memoriter work without neglect of its proper duty of instruction. It can prepare the way for home work by developing a rich and real liturgical service.

The times for memory work at home should be sacredly regular, yet not impossibly frequent. They can be made coincident with the inevitable bedtime (for pleasurable but not studious repetition), and, shall we say, with the equally inevitable leisure hour each week sacredly set apart for family worship and religious instruction.

3. At these times the exercises should be regarded as a duty, yet made, as they can be made, a privilege and a pleasure. It is a grievous error to speak and act as if interest and effort were incompatible, and duty necessarily distasteful. To endure hardness as a good soldier is not to be confounded with enduring hardness as a bad galley-slave. I had rather, I suppose, punish the Beatitudes into a boy than have him go through life ignorant of the truth that "Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake." But in a well-ordered home such a course is in general both unnecessary and self-defeating. All depends on how wisely the *play of motive* is directed, how skillfully the proper impulses are set to work. Wisely motived, the child will come to you, saying, "Find me something I can learn by heart;" "Teach me a prayer;" and a boy of eleven, set to learn the part of Brutus, will learn the speeches of Mark Antony to boot. Social co-operation, imitation, consciousness of growing power, ambition, pride, emulation, praise and blame, reward and punishment—there is no motive known to human nature which may not be harnessed up and made to draw this load.

4. But motive without method is as steam without engine. Therefore, and finally, the method used should reinforce repetition with thinking, feeling, and willing. To memorize by mere mechanical mulling is a deadly grind. Repetition should be made with the spirit and the understanding as well as with voluntary attention. It would, indeed, be futile to demand that every passage to be memorized be first fully understood, but to undertake to learn what is not *in some degree* grasped by the heart and the head is from every viewpoint unwise. There should be a living relation established between the child and that which he is to learn. Sometimes this relation is best established by letting the child become very familiar with that which he is to learn before he sets himself finally to commit it to memory. I have found that if a psalm is to be memorized, a good way to begin is to make it, at home or at school, a part of a regular liturgy, thus reading it many times with attention and with spirit, perhaps also, at the proper time, with explanation and informal analysis. The same applies to prayers and hymns, which should be often prayed and sung before being of set purpose memorized. This process of creating familiarity and warmth may be compared to the first stage in the developing of a photographic film—one by one the features *come out*, until the film is ready for *fixing*. The figure may halt a trifle, yet, in both processes, there are obvious disadvantages in trying to fix before the features have come out, and still more so if the fixing begins before the plate has been fully exposed. The great law of method, here as everywhere else, is, Let spirit vitalize form.

A final word as to the proper part of the home in this work. I venture to say that in such work as this lies one of

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the home's peculiar functions. To guide and inspire the children in memory work is something the home can do better than can any other agency, and better, perhaps, than it can do many other things. The home deals with individuals; it has them regularly, steadily, every day, seven days in the week. The time is indeed short, but this defect in quantity is made up by the unique element of quality. The time which the children naturally devote to their parents, and when they claim their parents for themselves, is the sweetest, most impressionable, of all the times of day. I mean bed time and prayer time. Then the interests and distractions of the active day fade. Then the child turns with intense eagerness, all the greater for this absence and absorption in school and at play, to his mother—and to his father, if his father be parent and not merely progenitor—for companionship, for confidences, for story-telling, for reading of literature, and for worship. And it is reasonable to hold that, in the pressure of the week's engagements, which bears not less heavily nowadays upon the children than upon the adults of the household, there can be one other stated time for worship and for instruction—the quiet hour on Sunday. May I not, then, seriously and earnestly propose—and to clear myself of cant I may confess that I am trying to bolster up my own resolution by this public announcement of personal intention—that we as parents sacredly devote some stated time to guiding, helping, and inspiring our children at home to learn by heart precious portions of Scripture and such-like language, in the belief that thereby, in a unique and indispensable way, we shall be filling their minds, forming their characters, feeding their souls, and giving them, as it were in fee simple, the very essence of a priceless heritage?

Five Years of Robert E. Lee's Life[1]

By Edwin Mims

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THE most recent account of General Lee's life lays special emphasis on the period from 1865 to 1870. It offers little light on his early life, or on his military career; it is Lee the husband and father, the peaceful citizen, the college president, who stands out vividly in the reader's mind. And well is it so, for the record of these years is the most precious legacy committed to the Southerners of the present generation. Lee's magnanimity in defeat, his ready acceptance of the new order of things, his moderation and restraint under most trying circumstances, his steadfast hope in the future of his section, and his noteworthy effort towards the building up of an institution of learning, constitute the most glorious chapter in a very noble life. A typical product of the old South, inheriting the best blood of several generations of Virginia gentlemen and gentlewomen, he was a leader in the development of the new South.

General Lee's spirit and his work should be to the South a constant protest against passion and prejudice and provincialism. Not less significant should be the revelation to Northern readers of a man who was to a notable degree an embodiment of the best spirit of Virginia. Just as his decision to go into the Confederate army has caused some Americans to think more sympathetically of the Southern cause, so his life after the war should enable the people of other sections to understand the conditions that confronted a brave and unfortunate people after the war. For Lee was not an isolated figure; he was in a very real sense the product of his section—the leader of many men who after the war worked in his spirit. To the entire nation, now in danger of a revival of sectionalism, the record of these five eventful years should be a

[1] *Recollections and Letters of General Lee.* By Captain Robert E. Lee. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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lesson in the direction of genuine Americanism.

Mr. Rhodes has drawn with singular dramatic power the struggle that went on in Lee's mind in April, 1861, as he "paced the broad pillared veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the capitol and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia." "We should be willing," he says, "to recognize in him one of the finest products of American life." Another son of Massachusetts, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, has drawn with like power and insight the scene at Appomattox—"the most creditable episode in all American history—an episode without a blemish—imposing, dignified, simple, heroic." He adds: "A people has good right to be proud of the past and self-confident of the future when on so great an occasion it naturally develops at the front men who meet each other as those two met each other then. Of the two, I know not which to award the palm. Instinctively, unconsciously, they vied, not unsuccessfully, each with the other, in dignity, magnanimity, simplicity." Impressive as are both of these scenes in Lee's life, more impressive perhaps is that drawn by Colonel William Preston Johnston of September 28, 1870, when, after a morning occupied with the correspondence and other tasks incident to his office as President of Washington College, General Lee attended a vestry meeting of his church in Lexington. Returning late in the evening from this meeting, in which he had displayed unusual interest, "he took his place at the family table, standing to say grace. The effort was vain; the lips could not utter the prayer of the heart." Upon his face was "a look of sublime resignation, as if he knew the hour had come when all the cares and anxieties of his crowded life were at an end." Between the scene at Appomattox and this closing scene of his life is the story of a singularly heroic life, lived not in the silent and stoical mood which people generally attribute to him, but in the full consciousness of the performance of a duty that God had committed to him.

What is it that makes Lee's life after the war so noteworthy to a man of the present generation and such a precious legacy to all men who are working in the South to-day? In the first place, Lee accepted the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy as a fact. He never apologized for what he had done, he never ceased to think that he and his soldiers had pursued the right course in fighting against invasion. But he submitted to the inevitable. "The war having been decided against us," he said, "it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result and of candor to recognize the fact." He believed that in the good providence of God apparent failure often proves a blessing. "I have, in my own conduct, and in my recommendations to others, labored to conform to existing circumstances. I consider this the part of wisdom as well as of duty." At the time when many leading Southerners were still fighting over the battles of the late war, and were lamenting the overthrow of all their hopes, at a time when some of the bravest men, unable to see any hope for their section, were emigrating to Mexico and England, he wrote to Captain Tatnall: "The questions at issue between them [the Southern States] and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the re-establishment of peace and harmony." He believed that true patriotism sometimes required of men to act exactly contrary at one period to that which it does at another. "The circumstances which govern their actions change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things." In accordance with this principle, he promptly applied for a citizen's rights, and was obedient to the law of the land.

A striking illustration of this point of view is seen in his comment to one of his friends after having visited some of the estates of once prosperous Virginians, who still attempted to live as in the days before the war. "Thomas," he said, "there was enough dinner to-day for twenty people. All this will now have to be changed; you cannot afford it; we shall have to practice economy."

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To his daughter Mildred, visiting in Baltimore, he wrote: "Preserve your simple tastes and manners. Plainness and simplicity of dress, early hours, and rational amusements, I wish you to practice. You must bear in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine and fashionable, and that gentility as well as self-respect requires moderation in dress and gayety. While her people are suffering she should practice self-denial and show her sympathy in their affliction." He did not seem to look upon it as a hardship at all—he who had been accustomed to all the luxuries of ante-bellum days—to confine himself strictly to the necessities of life. Accustomed to life in the brilliant social circles of Virginia planters, he found himself after the war living the simpler life of Presbyterian Lexington.

Nor was this steadfast acceptance of new conditions accompanied by the least spirit of bitterness or stolid stoicism. He had suffered as much as any Southerner by reason of the war; his home at Arlington had been "foully polluted," his delicate wife and children had had to flee from point to point for refuge, his own health had become impaired, his grief for his soldiers at the time of the surrender was great beyond measure, he was deprived of the rights of citizenship in a country to which he was more than willing to give his allegiance. In spite of all these facts, he was never known to show the slightest evidence of bitterness. Going as he frequently did among the families who had suffered most from the war, he steadfastly declined to discuss their common sufferings. To those who spoke bitterly he "would at one time pass the subject by with some pleasantry, and at another would seek to allay the irritation in their hearts by reminding them that, in the existing conditions of the country, such things were perhaps unavoidable, and that it was the duty of all to submit patiently to evils for which time was the only cure." He urged all to help in "the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason." Writing to General Early, who was preparing an account of his campaign, he said: "I would recommend, however, that, while giving facts which you think necessary for your own vindication, you omit all epithets or remarks calculated to excite bitterness or animosity between different sections of the country." To Governor Letcher he wrote: "All should unite in honest effort to obliterate the effects of war and to restore the blessings of peace." He rebuked a college student because in an oration he tried to excite the passions of his audience by appealing to the bitter memories of the Civil War. To a preacher who had in conversation denounced the North in terms of excessive bitterness, he said: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights, but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them." The assassination of Lincoln, which was received with suppressed joy by some Southerners, was to him a most dastardly crime, greatly to be deplored. He maintained the policy of expelling any students who might take part in any attempt to punish negroes.

At a time when many Southerners were in despair as to the future, Lee taught by precept and example that human virtue is superior to calamity. He believed that "silence and hope and fortitude" would heal the afflictions of the South. In 1870, when reconstruction governments were in full sway, he wrote: "We must hope for the best, speak as little and act as discreetly as possible. We have nothing to do but to attend to our material interests and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail." Under the most trying ordeal he wrote to his son: "I am confident that, if we all do our duty, and earnestly work to extract what good we can out of the evil that now hangs over our dear land, the time is not distant when the angry clouds will be lifted from our horizon, and the sun in his pristine brightness again shine forth." In 1869 he said: "Political affairs will be better, I think, and people will be more sanguine and hopeful." He was always on the lookout for conservative opinion in the North, trusting implicitly

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in its final triumph over radical views. He was remarkably patient under all the attempts that were made to darken his fame and to blight his character, assured in his own mind that the future would vindicate him. "The accusations against myself," he said, "I have not thought proper to notice, or even to correct misrepresentations of my words and acts. We shall have to be patient and suffer for a while at least; and all controversy, I think, will only serve to prolong angry and bitter feelings and postpone the time when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth." In a letter to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who had called attention to certain attacks made upon him with regard to Northern prisoners, he says: "*Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth." Lee's confidence in the final vindication of his character has been more than realized within the last twenty years. Taking part in none of the bitter controversies of the time, leaving no querulous memoirs behind him, he has found stout defenders of his character among men who once opposed him in battle. Charles Sumner, who placed him "in the catalogue with those who had imbrued their hands with their country's blood," and handed him over to "the avenging pen of history," has been succeeded by men in his own State who have urged the building of a monument to the memory of one of the greatest benefactors of the American Nation. He is a striking illustration of the truth of Milton's words: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

But Lee did not lead a merely passive life during this period. He grew in richness and fullness of character. There is a striking parallel in Wordsworth's life in the way in which he found refuge in the primary sources of life. The comparison must not be pushed too far, but readers of the "Prelude" will recall the account given by the poet of his restoration to joy and peace after the temporary doubt and despair through which he passed subsequent to the Reign of Terror in France. Under those conditions, Wordsworth, under the tutelage of his sister, "sought for present good in life's familiar face and built thereon his hopes of good to come." He fell back upon the hiding-places of man's power—"human kindnesses and simple joys." So Robert E. Lee, after a "long-lived storm of great events," found peace—if not joy—in the simple pleasures of life. "What a glorious world Almighty God has given us!" he said. His favorite seat in his house at Lexington was in a deep window in his dining-room, "from which his eyes could rest on rolling fields of grass and grain bounded by the ever-changing mountains." He took delight in his garden and in the campus of the college. His long rides on Traveler through the mountains about Lexington were at once a source of recreation and of silent peace. "He and I," he says, "whenever practicable, wander out into the mountains and enjoy sweet confidence." One such journey to the Peaks of Otter is vividly described by his daughter Mildred, who accompanied him. While Lee avoided all publicity—never allowing himself to be made a hero of—he took much delight in his visits to the old homesteads famous in the history of Virginia—mansions along the James and Potomac Rivers, many of which were associated with the most precious memories of the various branches of his family. He manifested a genuine interest in children and in the love affairs of a large number of friends and relatives. "I think we should enjoy all the amenities of life that are within our reach and which have been provided for us by our Heavenly Father." He found pleasure in friends he met at summer watering-places and in Baltimore, notably George Peabody and W. W. Corcoran, who in turn became much interested in Washington College.

It was in his family, however, that Lee found his greatest joy. His son, by means of his recollections and a large number of family letters, has developed his father's home life far more fully than it has ever been presented. Lee wrote a great many letters, and they

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are good ones, too. Those to his two sons, who after the war became planters, show an intelligent and loving interest in all the details of their work. One of the greatest pleasures he had in his later life was the marriage of his son Fitz-Hugh to Miss Bolling, of Petersburg. He was rejoiced to see many of his old friends and to take part in the festivities of that occasion. "The cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their conditions removed a load of sorrow which had been preying upon him for years." The letters to his daughters are characterized by an almost childlike affection and a playful humor that lights up the somewhat serious tone of parts of the book. After the old Virginia fashion, they often visited for months at a time their relatives and friends, in whose welfare their father took the keenest possible interest. He wrote them full accounts of happenings in Lexington—"cadet hops," literary clubs, church fairs and suppers, informal receptions held for the college students by himself and Mrs. Lee. His chivalric temperament is nowhere more in evidence than in his devotion to his invalid wife. When all the family were at home, he was apt to be even "cheerful and gay," even with the impaired health and growing seriousness of his last days. One of the most vivid recollections cherished by the son is of the winter evenings when the father read aloud to the family from Sir Philip Worsley's translation of the Iliad, which had been dedicated by the author to "the noble Virginia soldier whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the imperial Cæsars."

Throughout all of Lee's private letters and in all accounts of his relations to his family there is evidence of a vital faith in the Christian religion. One cannot at all understand his character without taking this fact into consideration. Most Virginia families held to the established church in at least a nominal way, but with Lee religion was more than a formal acceptance of church creeds and ceremonies. He was throughout his life a very devout man—as devout as Stonewall Jackson, with an added note of sweetness and light. Marked as was his reliance upon God throughout the war and in all his relations to his soldiers, it was in the period of his later life that his religious faith was strongest. Every characteristic that has been noted may be explained by this fact. He was one of the most Christlike men who ever lived. He had some of the marvelous patience and magnanimity and consecration of the Master. He took an active interest in the Episcopal church at Lexington, several times representing it in State conventions. In his work as college president he did all in his power to draw every student into active Christian work.

If Lee's life had closed in the summer of 1865, when he was living in a little cottage on the James River, there would still be in it all that has hitherto been noted as characteristic of his later life—his magnanimity in defeat, his lack of bitterness, his hopefulness for the future, his reliance on the primary resources of life, and his abiding faith in the Christian religion. But there came to him in his cottage a call to service as President of a small and at that time insignificant college. To the surprise of his friends, he accepted the offer, and from henceforth gave evidence of his faith in education as the surest road to the restoration and development of the South. "I have led the young men of the South to battle," he said; "I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energy to training young men to do their duty in life." With a spirit of consecration, he said: "I pray I may be spared to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God." To those who appealed to him to take political positions, or to become associated in business enterprises, he invariably replied in the negative. His words to the Rev. G. W. Leyburn might well serve as the motto of the present educational movement in the South: "So greatly have those interests been disturbed in the South, and so much does its future condition depend upon the rising generation, that I consider the proper education of its youth one of the most important objects now

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to be attained, and one from which greatest benefits may be expected. Nothing will compensate us for the depression of the standard of our moral and intellectual culture, and each State should take the most energetic measures to revive the schools and colleges, and, if possible, to increase the facilities for instructions, and to elevate the standard of learning." And, again, to General Gordon: "The thorough education of all classes of people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, for promoting the prosperity of the South."

In accordance with this faith, he went to a college whose endowment had greatly suffered by reason of the war, whose faculty numbered but four, and whose student body amounted to fifty. Year by year the conception appealed more strongly to him, and year by year the college grew dearer to him. Professor Joynes, then of Washington College, now of the University of South Carolina, indignantly denies that Lee was a figurehead, kept there merely for the attraction of his splendid name. "Never was a college president more laborious than he. He gave all his powers entirely to his work. He had an eye for the supervision of every detail. . . . He was perfectly master of the situation. . . . He found the college practically a bankrupt, disorganized, deserted; he left it rich, strong, crowded with students. He gave it organization, unity, energy, and practical success." Among other contributions to the college, he brought about the establishment of the chair of English, "as a study to receive equal attention and honor with the most favored branches of study," and a School of Commerce to develop the resources and promote the interests of the country. He personally supervised the construction of new buildings, and was committed to the extension of the library and the improvement of laboratories. As a disciplinarian, and as a positive influence in the moral life of students, he has perhaps had no superior among the college presidents of the country. In the words of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who was himself a student there, "Here the sons of his old soldiers flocked, to be under the command of the man who had led their fathers in battle, and to learn from his life the high lesson of devotion to duty."

The real greatness of Lee's character and work herein set forth may be realized more fully after one has read some recent memoirs of Southerners who lived after the war, or has been through the files of contemporary newspapers and magazines. There were many Southerners who manifested a spirit exactly opposite to that of General Lee. Such men as Dr. Dabney, a leader in the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Bledsoe, for a number of years editor of the "Southern Review" in Baltimore, Dr. Claiborne, an eminent surgeon of Petersburg, are typical of a tendency towards sectionalism and a struggle against the inevitable tendency of things which Lee did most to combat. That spirit is manifest in the South to-day among men who are lavish in their praise of Lee and yet miss the true spirit of the man.

On the other hand, there were men in Lee's time and after who had the spirit of the great leader—statesmen like Lamar and Ben Hill and John B. Gordon, who in the seventies gave expression to the new national spirit of the Southern people; preachers like Broadus and McTyiere, who did much to establish their churches upon a new and better basis; editors like Henry Grady, who, reverencing profoundly the past, interpreted and inspired the new forces at work in Southern society; educational leaders like Curry and Haygood, who worked for the development of all classes in accordance with the demands of a democracy; literary men like Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page, who have written of Southern life and scenery from a truly National point of view. The influence of Lee on all these men and on the men of the present day who are working in the same spirit cannot be estimated. It will be seen more and more as time goes by that few men during so short a period have done such permanent work for their people.

If the spirit of Lee had prevailed in the South and the spirit of Lincoln had prevailed in the North, the South would now be far ahead of where she is.

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Northerners will doubtless claim that if the spirit of Lee had dominated the South Reconstruction measures would never have been resorted to. On the other hand, Southerners will maintain that if the spirit of Lincoln had been in evidence in the years succeeding the war, injustice to the negro and the horrors of the Ku Klux clans would never have been. Be that as it may, the greatest duty that now devolves upon the people of both sections is to make prevalent the spirit of these two men, both of them singularly magnanimous and entirely sympathetic with the other's point of view.

The Beginnings of Christianity[1]

PROFESSOR WERNLE'S second volume is characterized by the same merits and defects, the latter somewhat accentuated, as its predecessor, which we reviewed May 7. It is concerned with the sub-apostolic age in the earliest period of the second century. The primitive enthusiasm, faith as personal loyalty to Jesus, and spiritual ethics regulated by such faith, had been succeeded by organization, by faith regarded as a treasured deposit of doctrine, and legalistic ethics regulated by precepts. Legends had begun to grow, pseudonymous writings to appear, and the earliest writings to be interpolated. While the original controversy with the Jews still raged, internal dissension now threatened the Church. The sect of theosophists known as Gnostics arose, exhibiting tendencies to fantastic speculation and immorality. In opposing these, the Church leaders appealed to the authority of the Apostles, and their writings were brought together as the authoritative canon, *i. e.*, rule, of Christian truth. This collection, made to meet the exigency of the conflict, dates, as Professor Wernle rightly holds, from the first decade of the second century—a valuable concession to sound criticism by a writer who exhibits much that is not sound, and that can only be accounted for by the exigencies of the theory which it is made to sustain.

That theory is virtually this: Whatever passages in the New Testament have been cited by ecclesiastics or controversialists to buttress inordinate pretensions were originally fabricated by them, and foisted into the earliest writings. So it has become "the fate of Jesus" to be made "the author of exclusiveness and fanaticism," and "the fate of Paul" that his picture has been "entirely painted over," so that the real Jesus and the real Paul passed mostly out of knowledge. Here, indeed, a fact must be admitted—an obscuration of the genuinely historic characters in current estimation. But the alleged cause of it—an extreme corruption of the canonical writings in the interest of ecclesiasticism—rests on the pure assumption that whatever untenable propositions have been pressed out of the Gospel must first have been illicitly written into the Gospel.

According to Professor Wernle, Jesus himself tells us that "without the Church there is no salvation," and Paul says the same. In view of the fact that this nowhere appears in so many words, it is explained that whenever "Christ and the faith" are insisted on as a condition of salvation, as in Paul's exhortation to his jailer, what is meant is "the Church." Professor Wernle sees ecclesiasticism everywhere; this is natural; he lives where there is an excess of it. But he seems too ready to burn the house in order to destroy the rats.

Another remarkable discovery is the alleged origin of the Table Discourses of Jesus. The Gnostics, in their self-conceit as spiritual *illuminati*, were essentially schismatic. Professor Wernle assumes that the discourses at the Last Supper were composed long after "to guide the Church safely through the Gnostic troubles." Jesus' concluding prayer for the disciples, "that they all

[1] *The Beginnings of Christianity*. By Paul Wernle, Professor of Church History at the University of Basel. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, M.A., and Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Vol. II. The Development of the Church. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (Theological Translations Library, Vol. XVII.)

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may be one," is taken to be aimed against "the Gnostic desire for separation." Finally he makes the extreme assertion that "as Protestants we owe our freedom to our having abandoned the Catholic idea of unity contained in the high-priestly prayer." Protestants fortunately do not so generously surrender to the "Catholic" claim that an external, formal unity is contemplated in that petition. Here also is a stark contradiction between Professor Wernle's general representation of Jesus as intent on spiritual realities, and his statement that that petition, as an embodiment of "the Catholic idea of unity," is "quite in the spirit of Christ."

The exigencies of controversy with the Jews are also represented as having occasioned considerable additions to the canonical writings. There is here a modicum of probable fact, but, as elsewhere, Professor Wernle balances his pyramid upon its apex. In John's Gospel the later "wranglings of Jews and Christians" are simply "carried back into the life of Jesus." The writer's aim, we are told, was "to depict Jesus above all as the enemy of the Jews." Jesus' saying to malignant Jews who sought to kill him, "Ye are of your father the devil," *i.e.*, such in spirit as he, is alleged to be merely the anathema of later controversialists denying the divine Fatherhood of the Jewish race. This, however, is not so curious a piece of criticism as the alleged consequences to Christians themselves, who now ceased to call themselves, as in Paul's time, "sons" of God, and began, in John's time, to call themselves only "children" of God. Just what Professor Wernle finds in this discovery of a distinction between "sons" and "children," as higher and lower terms, is mysterious; for even with the adoption of the term "children of God" he finds that "there is no longer anything childlike in the religious relationship." This, indeed, with John's First Epistle before him!

Our present limits can take into view only the general features of this work. To go further would be to discover more distortion. For instance, at the Last Supper, where contention who was the greatest had arisen, Jesus repressed it by adjuring the contestants to love one another as he had loved them. Yet Professor Wernle thinks it just criticism to set this in a disparaging contrast with the precept, given on a different occasion, to love enemies; and exclaims, "How poor a thing, after all, is the new commandment of love to each other—*i. e.*, of Christians to Christians—compared with the absolute boundless love enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount." Thus unsound is the method, ill balanced and arbitrary the critical process, by which he pursues a most commendable aim, to clear away the obstructions which ecclesiastics and theologians have cast up in the way of the simple primitive faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of all who believingly follow him as the living Way to the Father.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adam Smith. By Francis W. Hirst. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Along the Nile with General Grant. By Elbert E. Farman, LL.D. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8½ in. 399 pages. $2.50, net.

Judge Farman does not confine his narrative to an account of his interesting trip with General Grant's party, but writes intelligently and with full information about Egyptian history, antiquities, modern development and possibilities. He was five years Consul-General at Cairo, was a scholarly man, and used his opportunities to advantage. There are many illustrations.

Angel by Brevet (An). By Helen Pitkin. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.50.

A story of New Orleans. There are much dialect, many Creole songs, and elaborate descriptions of ceremonies connected with fetichism. The author is evidently conversant with the negro phase of New Orleans

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life. The language is in many places stilted and interlarded with unfamiliar words.

Atoms of Empire. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 279 pages. $1.50.

Vigorous, sometimes startling, stories of adventures met by Englishmen in various odd corners of the earth—such as West Africa, the Canary Islands, India, the Louisiana swamps. The tales are unliterary and hard in manner, and some of them pass the line between originality and absurdity, but as a rule they have spirit and thrill. We wish that some one would convince Mr. Hyne that no real American ever used the word "siree" as his Americans always do—thus, "I will look, siree."

Bonanza Bible Class (The). By Henry F. Cope. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×7¾ in. 263 pages. $1, net.

Boy Fisherman (The). By Frank E. Kellogg. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 4¾×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.

Cabin in the Big Woods (The). By James Ball Naylor. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 239 pages. $1.

Calendar of Gallant Living. For 1905. L. J. Thompson, North Attleboro, Mass. 50c.

One of the best collections of ethical sayings of literary distinction that we have seen in calendar form.

Coming Conquest of England (The). By August Niemann. Translated by J. H. Freese. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 384 pages. $1.50.

This is the Utopian dream of a German author in which England is humbled by the combination of several European Powers. Treachery among the native princes of India aids in producing this desirable result, one of the delightful features of which is a triumphal progress through England or Scotland by the conquerors. People who find such reading as this profitable will no doubt admire this book. A heavy and tiresome love story threads itself among the improbabilities of the war-making part.

Correct Writing and Speaking. By Mary A. Jordan. (The Woman's Home Library.) A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 251 pages. $1, net.

Professor Jordan has the rare merit of blending entertainment with instruction, and those who can do this "win every vote," as Horace says. The various bearings of her subject, and all its corners too, come into the field of this useful manual. The rights of the individual in the liberty which our blessed mother tongue allows those who have taken care to fit themselves for its freedom are properly recognized here. The art of words requires as much study as any other of the fine arts. This book does not propose to communicate it, but simply to introduce the learner to its principles.

Custodian (The). By Archibald Eyre. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 359 pages. $1.50.

In this novel the fortunes of a young man are followed from his cradle in a lodge-keeper's dwelling to his attainment of a ducal coronet. From this it will be seen that the plot is rather lacking in probability. However, the story is brightly told. The writer has a light touch and the power to entertain. Some of the characters are sustained with decided skill.

Dames and Daughters of the French Court. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 290 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Sketches of ten famous women, beginning with Madame de Sévigné in the time of Louis XIII., and ending with Madame de Rémusat, an ornament of the First Empire. In her selection Miss Brooks has chosen women of dignified character, and, though writing of a period when there seems to have been no such thing as strict morality in high circles, has steered clear of all pictures of vice and uncleanness and produced a book which a careful critic might place in the hands of "the young person." Of course little new is to be said about such women as Mesdames de Staël, Roland, Récamier, Lafayette, and the rest of this company, but Miss Brooks writes in so happy a vein and in such simple, good English that her book makes welcome reading; besides, she shows these Frenchwomen in rather an unusual light, in a domestic atmosphere in their own homes, among their children, their flowers, their intimate friends.

Declaration of Independence (The): An Interpretation and an Analysis. By Herbert Friedenwald, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 299 pages. $2, net.

Dr. Friedenwald's monograph has a twofold object, being an attempt to interpret the Declaration of Independence, not in the light of modern political theory, but in terms of the meaning it conveyed to the men of the time; and a study of the history of the Continental Congress in an endeavor to show a close interrelation between the growth of the authority and jurisdiction of the Congress and the development of the spirit of independence. Indeed, nearly half the space is devoted to this historical survey, made almost solely from the colonial side, and, it should be added, strongly pro-colonial in tone, a fact which occasionally leads the writer into misconceptions regarding the attitude and policies of the home authorities, but has the distinct advantage of insuring a sympathetic exposition of the sentiments voiced by the Declaration. Dr. Friedenwald's study of the famous document ascribes to it a purely English origin, in that it breathes "the spirit of Locke throughout," and is built upon "a political development that has its roots deep down in English history of the seventeenth century;" to ascribe to it a Gallic origin is to confuse "apparent similarity with derivation." In his examination of the philosophy of the Declaration, as in his clause-by-clause analysis of the "facts presented to a candid world," Dr. Friedenwald undoubtedly succeeds, from the standpoint of the man of '76, in refuting

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latter-day criticisms, while, through his review of the campaign of the radicals to instill in the colonies sentiments favoring separation, he further assists to a comprehension of the motives and grievances of the Fathers.

Denslow's Scarecrow and the Tin-Man and Other Stories. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 13×11 in. 74 pages. $1.

Diane: A Romance of the Icarian Settlement on the Mississippi River. By Katharine Holland Brown. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 440 pages. $1.50.

An experiment in communism on the one hand and covert resistance of the Fugitive Slave Law on the other furnish the foundations in fact upon which this romance is built. The Icarian Community on the Mississippi, composed of nobles, artists, men of letters, and peasants from France, seek, under their leader, Père Cabet, righteousness and happiness in a society where all things are held in common and where men and women of varying gifts and degree labor side by side. There is power and pathos in the way the writer shows how the "System" failed because human nature is human nature and must love its own the best. The Commune, upholding the doctrine of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," refuses to abet the violation of the Fugitive Slave Law. Captain Channing, who criticises the System thus, "You can make beasts equal, M. Cabet, but not men," deliberately and continually breaks his oath of office by smuggling fugitive slaves through to Canada, and finally resigns from Government service to follow John Brown in the Free Soil movement in Kansas, a step towards which was swearing "to obey the dictates of conscience, not the laws of man." The author, alive to inconsistency in the one case, is curiously unconscious of it in the other.

Distribution of Wealth (The). By Thomas Nixon Carver. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 290 pages. $1.50, net.

Professor Carver's analysis of evaluation deserves the attention of the general reader as of the economist, for while primarily addressed to the latter, it is characterized by a lucidity and originality illuminating a subject constantly in the mind of the thinking public. The practical utility of his work is perhaps best seen in the exposition of the essential changes following recognition of the principle of time-value, and in the elucidation of the changes due to the gradual extension of the law of diminishing returns, from land used in agriculture to every economic agent. In his grasp of fundamentals and their application Professor Carver is abreast of modern thought, affording, on the one hand, a clear appreciation of the extent to which the theory of to-day differs from that of the classical economists; on the other, an understanding of the differences in concept, definition, and usage developed by recent writers in the balancing of opposing forces which has been a feature of the trend of latter-day economic thought, and which Professor Carver endeavors to invest with a wider application than heretofore employed in the discussion of rent, wages, and interest. His work is undoubtedly a most suggestive contribution to the literature of the present transition period.

Divine Comedy of Dante, The Inferno. A Translation and Commentary by Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 305 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Eagle's Shadow (The). By James Branch Cabell. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 256 pages. $1.50.

The quaint daintiness of style that marks all Mr. Cabell's work is found in this volume, which belongs to that undefined class of books that fall between the novel and the novelette. The tale lacks depth in the telling; the characters impress one as marionettes, moving often inanely, and in the case of the fair heroine not as we have a natural right to expect of her, since, on page 206, she utters a good round oath; true, provocation was great, but a lady, born and bred, does not usually so relieve her feelings. Mr. Cabell will give us a finer book some day.

Emerson: Poet and Thinker. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×10 in. 284 pages. $3.50.

Ere the year succeeding Emerson's centenary year has passed this fine volume appears, and may be viewed as an appropriate epilogue to that commemoration. Emerson had the fortune to live long enough to see many unripe judgments of him mellow. All misunderstanding of him can hardly cease before the end of the intellectual revolution in which his life was spent, and which he did so much to promote and to shape. Miss Cary's portrait of him is both artistic and drawn with the vivid appreciation of an apt disciple. The charge still brought against him, that he failed in due appreciation of Christianity and of Christ, she regards as untenable, and quotes him in rebuttal of it. Here it might be added that, while no Hebrew prophet excelled him in ethical earnestness, yet in his treatment of sin he stood with the sages of Israel rather than with her prophets. Miss Cary gives large space to the story of Emerson's literary venture with kindred spirits in the "Dial," that short-lived but worthy "memorial," as George William Curtis called it, "of an intellectual impulse the nation never lost." The tables of contents of its sixteen numbers and the authorship of its articles are given in an appendix. Twenty full-page photogravures of Emerson at different periods of his life, and of persons and places closely associated with him, add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Fata Morgana. By André Castaigne. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 486 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Flower Fables and Fancies. By N. Hudson Moore. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 192 pages. $1.60.

This is a prettily bound volume, the con-

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tents of which relate to the best loved among our garden friends. Many poets are quoted, and the traditions, superstitions, and conceits of many lands with regard to flowers set forth. The marginal traceries and illustrations are profuse and artistic.

Freckles. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5⅛×8¼ in. 432 pages. $1.50.

The plot is hackneyed; the situations are often improbable. The best part of the book, that which has the ring of sincerity, is a description of life in the Limberlost. Freckles is guard of the timber leases, a position of peril from men and serpents, but one that brings him into close touch with many wild things of the woods, which he loves and tames.

Friendship of Art (The). By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 302 pages. $1.50.

This series of essays is a companion volume to the other series which appeared, in uniform style, some months ago under the title "The Kinship of Nature," and in both volumes, made up of short chapters, Mr. Carman makes us feel the same qualities which we get in his verse. One cannot always acquit him of producing calculated effects by skillful combinations of words, and he is by no means wholly blameless of those devices which skilled writers use to quicken the interest and stimulate the curiosity of their readers; but in his prose, as in his verse, the reader gets from Mr. Carman's work a distinct flavor of individuality, the quality of a man who has not shaped his life conventionally nor squared his ideas with the ideas of his contemporaries. In his verse Mr. Carman is always taking us out-of-doors, giving us that delightful sense of freedom from which most of us are shut off by the routine of daily life. The four volumes which contain the larger part of his collected poems form one of the best recent antidotes accessible to business-ridden men and care-ridden women. The short prose papers in this volume, which deal with such subjects as "The Artist's Joy," "The Magic of the Woods," "Personal Rhythm," "The Migratory Mood," "The Secret of Art," are refreshing reading, not only because they are well written, but because they bring a breath of the outside world with them. They are not conventionally literary; they are sometimes somewhat in the air; but they have a suggestion of wide horizons and the large sweep of the landscape, and there are many sound and discriminating bits of criticism in them; for Mr. Carman can talk intelligently and suggestively about art as well as about nature.

Gilhooleyisms. By Lord Gilhooley (Frederick H. Seymour). Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 104 pages. 80c., net.

Health, Strength, and Power. By Dudley Allen Sargent, A.M., Sc.D., M.D. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.75, net.

History of Tom Jones (The): A Foundling. By Henry Fielding, Esq. (Condensed Classics.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 452 pages.

Hobby Hoss Fair. By Augustus L. Jansson. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 13×13 in. 82 pages. $1.50.

Instrument Tuned (The). By Rosa Birch Hitt. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 101 pages.

Interludes. By Philip Becker Goetz. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 4×7 in. 88 pages. $1.

Mr. Goetz's poetic genius is well evinced, though at times its note seems to betray effort, and its utterance is rather too sibylline for the average reader to divine. "Callisto," a poem in which Mr. Goetz recurs to a staple theme of ancient bards—their wonder why the constellation of the Bear did not, like the others, dip into the ocean—shows more than common merit, and needs only more finish of detail, ridding it of a few unworkmanlike touches, to be a well-cut gem.

Japan: The Eastern Wonderland. By D. C. Angus. Illustrated. Cassell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 210 pages.

Key to the Kingdom (The): An Exposition of the Great Commission. By Rev. Charles E. Bradt, Ph.D. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4¼×6¾ in. 161 pages. 50c., net.

Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. Illustrated. (Library of Illustrated Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 729 pages. $1.50.

Life of Christ. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Illustrated. (Library of Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 752 pages. $1.50.

Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison. Illustrated. (Library of Illustrated Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. $1.50.

This is a reprint, in the Library of Illustrated Biography Series, of Professor Harrison's "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," which appeared in a separate volume in the Virginia edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe issued by these publishers two years ago. In commenting upon this biography at the time, The Outlook called attention to its thoroughness, its simplicity, and its rectification of certain errors which had crept into some other editions. It is reprinted here in substantial form, with broad margins, and with a generous supply of portraits. The book is well made. Other volumes in this series are mentioned elsewhere.

Life of George Eliot. By J. W. Cross. (Library of Illustrated Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 763 pages. $1.50.

Life of Mahomet. By Washington Irving. (Library of Illustrated Biography.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 481 pages. $1.50.

Life of William Shakespeare. By William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×9 in. 551 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Looking for Alice. By Walter Burges Smith. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 6½×8½ in. 196 pages. $1.

A story wherein a little girl tries to find the

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heroine of "Alice in Wonderland." She follows the Road to Learning and succeeds in her quest in an unexpected though perfectly natural manner. There are many illustrations.

May Irwin's Home Cooking. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 6½×8¼ in. 267 pages. $1.

Merryweathers (The). By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 281 pages. $1.25.

In the agreeable vein which characterizes her work for young people, Mrs. Richards tells how a party of athletic boys and girls, old enough for a little love-making and duly chaperoned by companionable elders, entertain themselves while camping in the woods near a lake. Some readers will recognize among the jolly campers old acquaintance met before in the Margaret and Hildegarde Series.

Misfit Crown (The). By Frances Davidge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50.

Herein lies the weak point of this novel: the heroine, in her "callow days," turns upon a suitor with the declaration that a proposal of marriage without love as its basis is not worth even polite consideration; yet at a later wooing she accepts a man just because he asks her to, and because she thinks she can help him, "sympathy, tenderness, understanding"—what she royally scorned when John Ashburton offered them with himself—seeming now, on her part, justification for "Yes, I will marry you." Two characters in the book, John Ashburton and Madame Montedonico, are worth knowing, and the heroine, Leonida, would be but for the inconsistency which makes her unconvincing.

Mr. Waddy's Return. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 278 pages. $1.50.

Life at Boston and Newport is portrayed in this tale. But it is not contemporary life; it is the life of forty years ago and has the atmosphere of the romances of that epoch. Some of the characters are skillfully presented, but the canvas is too crowded for much excellence to prevail.

More Notes from Underledge. By William Potts. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 308 pages. $1, net.

Readers of Mr. Potts's earlier books will find the same agreeable discussion of the topics which interest a man of culture who is also a man of leisure. It is not often in these days that one comes upon a little book so full of the almost forgotten quality which was the possession of our fathers, that quality which permits a man to ripen himself and to ripen things about him, to watch his garden, his lawn, and his animals in a leisurely fashion; to study his neighbors, to read his books with a sense of time, and to meditate on experience until he gets at the meaning of it. It is this quality in Mr. Potts's book rather than any direct contribution to the knowledge or thought of the world which makes it very pleasant reading. The topics are such as would interest a man who is fond of his library and his garden, who takes long walks in his neighborhood, who sees the stars, the lights of the village, watches the going and coming of the birds, knows when the first frost comes and makes a record of it, comments on the disappearance of the town pump, has an eye on the weather, entertains and speeds his guests, and does it all graciously and without the sense of hurry. "More Notes from Underledge" must be read in this spirit if it is to be enjoyed.

Nelson's Yankee Boy. By F. H. Costello. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 293 pages. $1.50.

The book is, as the name indicates, the story of an American boy who serves under Nelson. He is first impressed from a fishing sloop by an English man-of-war. Falling overboard, he is rescued by the Victory, a few days before Trafalgar. Nelson and Hardy are depicted, and Nelson's death is described. The story is most interestingly told, and the book is one certain to be enjoyed by any intelligent boy. It is well illustrated.

New Life (The). By Dante Alighieri. Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Chiswick Series.) Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 77 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

On a Lark to the Planets. By Frances Trego Montgomery. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×8 in. 180 pages. $1.50.

A flight of the imagination, by virtue of which the young reader becomes acquainted with a party of children on a personally conducted tour of the heavens, Mercury being their guide among the star-people, after the curious balloon which has brought them thus far is abandoned for wings, as a more suitable mode of locomotion in the celestial regions.

Organized Labor and Capital: The William L. Bull Lectures for the Year 1904. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 226 pages. $1, net.

This is far from being a merely academic platform discussion of the problems involved in the relations of employer and employed to each other and to the public. It is a symposium of vital interest and direct value, an appeal that should arouse the public conscience and quicken the public morality, without which formal corrective action must fail of its ends. Dr. Williams goes to the heart of the corporation problem when, pointing out the advantages of opportunity offered by the corporation system to the investing and laboring public alike, he declares that ownership and control must be united in the shareholder, not "in the hands of a few men more interested in the exploitation of the property and its uses for their personal fortune than in either the profits of shareholders or the public services of the community," and that the shareholder must be brought to realize his moral responsibility to uphold the sovereignty of the State in

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fact as in name. Dr. Peabody, reviewing the position of "The People" as the interested third party in all labor disputes, clearly discerns the ultimate solution of the labor problem "through the patient education of the people, the increase of popular understanding of economic affairs, the training of the people in industrial usefulness, the development of the people's conscience, and the quickening of the people's heart," a sentiment otherwise voiced by Dr. Gladden in his historical survey of the evolution of labor as the development of "the enthusiasm of humanity, a slowly gathering fire in human hearts before which, in the process of the suns, all injustice and oppression must surely melt away." Of the concrete phases of the problems before us to-day each of the writers speaks to the point. Dean Hodges's discussion of "The Union" should be read, on the one hand, by all desirous of obtaining a correct appreciation of the arguments in favor of trade-unionism, and, on the other hand, by the unionist who would realize the depths of public sentiment stirred by courses whereby the union, to use Dean Hodges's words, "invites public disfavor—and gets it." Here the public may learn to adopt a more discriminating attitude toward the union, here the unionist perceive that the public favors a monopoly of labor as little as it does a monopoly of capital.

Outline of Mediæval and Modern European History. Reprinted from "A History Syllabus for Secondary Schools." In Four Parts. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in.

Pearl and the Pumpkin (The). By Paul West and W. W. Denslow. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 7×8¾ in. 239 pages. $1.25.

Pedlar's Pack (The). By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 397 pages. $2.

Perennial Revival (The): A Plea for Evangelism. By William B. Riley. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 323 pages. $1.25, net.

Pillars of the Temple. By Minot J. Savage. American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×8 in. 226 pages.

Thus Dr. Savage entitles the affirmations which constitute the structure of Christian doctrine as taught in Unitarian churches. These are stated with his customary clearness and vigor. But while much can be said for his belief that "Jesus was a Unitarian," his portrayal of "the Christ we love" is unduly limited to the objective side of Jesus' life. Were this all, we should be unable to account for him as the greatest spiritual dynamic in the world. No account is made of the subjective life of Jesus, especially in its crowning characteristic, the consciousness of closeness to God that made him a power among men. So when Dr. Savage touches the subject of salvation he seems to part rrom Jesus' standpoint, who did not, with Dr. Savage, think of ignorance first among the things we need saving from, but rather of sin in its comprehensive form of selfishness, which Dr. Savage names third. Divine inspiration also, in Jesus' view, and in the Bible generally, is regarded as primarily and essentially an ethical influence on the moral nature, sensitizing and conforming it to goodness, rather than, as in Dr. Savage's view, an enlightenment of the intellect, clarifying and conforming it to truth. Dr. Savage, indeed, applies much wholesome correction to the excesses of religious thought. On the other hand, his statements leave something to be supplied for fullness and proportion of Christian doctrine.

Plays of Tolstoy: The Power of Darkness. The First Distiller. Fruits of Culture. Translated by Louise and Aylmar Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 250 pages. $1.50.

The second volume in the revised edition of "The Works of Leo Tolstoy," edited by Aylmar Maude, contains three plays, "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," and "Fruits of Culture," translated by Louise and Aylmar Maude from the Russian, furnished with pronunciations of Russian names, and with an annotated list of Tolstoy's books. When Tolstoy was asked what should be said by way of preface to this translation, he replied, "You may say that, speaking without any false modesty, I never, when writing them [the plays], anticipated the importance that has been atttributed to them. 'The Power of Darkness' I wrote for the People's Theater, and the 'Fruits of Culture' simply for my own children and their friends to act at home." When asked about "The First Distiller," Tolstoy waved his hand contemptuously to indicate that he did not think it was worth talking about.

Police Power, Public Policy, and Constitutional Rights (The). By Ernst Freund. (College Edition.) Callaghan & Co. (The University of Chicago Press), Chicago. 6×9½ in. 819 pages.

Professor Freund, who holds the chair of jurisprudence and public law in the University of Chicago, points out that the law of the police power is practically a growth of the last thirty or forty years, and much of it is still in a formative stage. Its extensive application is seen by a glance at the widely varied and extended list of subjects discussed in this treatise. The book is intended for lawyers and law students, but it has a broad public usefulness and will especially be a welcome addition to any editorial reference library.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. **Zenobia.** By William Ware. **The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer.** By Charles Lever. **The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane.** By Alaine René Le Sage. Translated by Tobias Smollett. **Life of Johnson.** By James Boswell. **Rienzi.** By Edward Bulwer-Lytton. (The Luxembourg Library Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. $1.50 per vol.

These are recent additions to the Luxembourg Library, a set of substantial volumes, well made in every particular, with attractive pages, clear type, and illustrated with full-page pen-and-ink drawings. The title-page is particularly attractive by reason of its simplicity and the effective contrast of color

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in the typography. The volumes are bound in light buff with design in gilt.

Preacher's Card Index (The). F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio. $2.

A convenient system of cards, with box and subdivisions, whereby a minister may keep a record of his church members, of changes and additions, of marriages, births, and deaths, of professional engagements, and of many other things which he may want to refer to quickly.

Prodigal Son (The). By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 408 pages. $1.50.

In twenty years Hall Caine has written nine novels, many of which have attracted the attention of all English readers of fiction. After the furor created by "The Christian," "The Eternal City" fell below the sensational heights reached by the author. In "The Prodigal Son" we find signs of a return to the simpler strength of some of the earlier stories, and welcome them heartily. Iceland is the scene, and the intimate circle of two families furnish the characters of the drama. The title of the book indicates the theme, and while the likeness in spirit to the parable is preserved, many modern complexities of thought and life enter in and embarrass the actors. The sweet, simple-hearted Thora is no match for her sophisticated sister Helga, and as great a contrast is found beween the brothers Magnus and Oscar, unlike as possible in appearance, temperament, opportunities, and gifts. There is much that is beautiful in the home scenes, and much that awakens a common human understanding in the quarrelsome friendship between the Factor and the Governor, parents of the quartette of young people. The exiled life of the Prodigal Son, spent in riotous living and bitter bursts of remorse, is depicted with due restraint, and the final scenes, when the Prodigal returns to find the elder brother still suffering from his desertion, are as fine as anything Hall Caine has written.

Questions of Faith: A Series of Lectures on the Creed. By Professor James Denney, D.D., Professor Marcus Dods, M.A., D.D., and Others. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8 in. 212 pages.

Seven lectures on the Apostles' Creed given in Glasgow last winter, mostly by professors in the theological colleges of Glasgow and Edinburgh, are comprised in this volume. Of the divergent interpretations admitted by the terms of this primitive creed, antedating the rise of our present theological divisions, there is a blend here. The high orthodox view is taken of the Incarnation, the liberal orthodox of the Forgiveness of Sins, and each is maintained with high ability. The lecture on "The Life Everlasting" is well framed against modern objections.

Quincunx Case (The). By William Dent Pitman. Herbert Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 306 pages. $1.50.

A story of mystery and crime. The scene shifts from New Hampshire to Quebec and the Lower St. Lawrence. Much villainy runs through these pages, but in the end the actors meet with satisfactory poetical justice.

Romantic Ireland. By M. F. and B. McM. Mansfield. In 2 vols. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4¼×7 in. $2.40, net.

An addition to the "Travel Lover's Library." The two volumes are profusely illustrated. The text is a fluent description of scenes and places in Ireland which appeal to the reader or traveler by romantic, scenic, or historic association.

Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition. By Josiah Allen's Wife. (Marietta Holley.) Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

The main points of interest at the Exposition are discussed and moralized over in her inimitable way by Samantha.

Sandman Rhymes (The). By Willard Bonte. Illustrated. The H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 13×11 in. 132 pages.

Selected Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly. The H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 3½×5¾ in. 89 pages.

Self-Building Through Common-Sense Methods. By Corrilla Banister. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 205 pages. $1.10.

Sermon in the Hospital (The): From "The Disciples." By Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 2½×4 in. 32 pages.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1905. By the Monday Club. (Thirtieth Series.) The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×8 in. 385 pages. $1.25.

The reputation of the series to which this volume belongs is well established, especially where the series of Sunday-school lessons it is fitted to is in use. The forty-eight sermons it contains are by clergymen of some distinction, and in their general suggestiveness and adaptation to the matter in hand are valuable auxiliaries to teachers.

Six Incursions (By a Predatory Pew) into some Theologic Fastnesses. By Edward Augustus Jenks, A.M. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 5×7¾ in. 237 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage extra.)

It is always interesting to see a bright-minded layman tackle philosophical problems, and Mr. Jenks has so far accomplished something, but it might be difficult to appraise the value netted by his "incursions" after sorting what he has collected. He succeeds in doing away with theological fictions, but not so well in constructive work. "Matter," as he justly says, cannot be created "out of nothing;" but equally impossible is the substituted conception of matter as uncreated and eternal, while the forces in it, and apart from which it does not exist, are from God, his tools to shape it. He evidently does not understand the Church doctrine of the Trinity, but substitutes for it one equally vulnerable—"three great elements, Mind, Soul, and Spirit." The chapter on "One Church, Above, Below," is thoroughly good, the best of all.

Study to be Quiet. By Edgar W. Work. (Second Edition.) The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 84 pages. 50c., net.

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Social Law in the Spiritual World: Studies in Human and Divine Inter-Relationship. By Rufus M. Jones, A.M., Litt.D. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 272 pages.

To help the wayfaring man to the larger knowledge of fundamental religious truth that has come with the advance of learning, Professor Jones offers here a series of studies on the nature and meaning of personality. He is at home in modern psychology, and applies it effectively for his purpose, in freedom from technicalities. The goal of human endeavor is rightly stated as self-realization, a goal won with satisfaction only by him who distinguishes his true self from the selfish nature that pretends to the name. In the development of the true or social self is the achievement of personality in its necessary interrelation both with other selves as components of the great Whole, and with the "Over-Self," in whom all live, and who lives in all. The great fact of divine and human interrelationship, as involved in the very structure of personality, is the conclusion of the argument, an argument wrought out with clearness, simplicity, and convincing force. While there are interesting points in it that incite remark, it must suffice here to characterize the work as a helpful study in the psychology of religion.

Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature (The): Clark Lectures given at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Year 1902-03. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 360 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Three Years with the Poets: A Text-Book of Poetry. Compiled by Bertha Hazard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 247 pages. 50c., net.

Touch of Nature (The): Little Stories of Great Peoples. Retold by Augustus Mendon Lord. Illustrated. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5½×8 in. 146 pages. $1, net.

Tragedies of Sophocles (The). Translated into English Prose by Sir Richard C. Jebb, Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages. $1.50.

Trolley Honeymoon from Delaware to Maine. By Clinton W. Lucas. Illustrated. The M. W. Hazen Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 125 pages.

Two in a Zoo. By Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 7×9½ in. 149 pages. $1.25.

The "little Limping Boy" made friends with Mahmoud, the elephant of the Zoo, and learned to translate his talk for the amusement of his girl comrade, the "Princess." There is no unnatural pretense in this pretty story for children, illustrated by Oliver Herford with drawings of his expressive beasts.

Upland Pastures. By Adeline Knapp. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal. 5×8¼ in. 77 pages.

Wandering Host (The). By David Starr Jordan. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 6¼×9 in. 36 pages.

Originally printed under the title "The Story of the Innumerable Company," and now republished with some additions, this is an allegory of the confusions, divisions, and final reunion of Christendom, as the experiences of a host of travelers, because of their controversies over the chart which One who had traversed the region before them had left for them to follow. The form is decorated, and suitable for a Christmas gift-book.

Wellington, Soldier and Statesman, and the Revival of the Military Power of England. By William O'Connor Morris. (Heroes of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 398 pages. $1.50.

Although more than half a century has elapsed since the death of Wellington, we have had comparatively few biographies of the Iron Duke, and this despite the fact that the sources for a study of his life and character are remarkably varied and ample. Nor, strictly speaking, can this contribution from the late Judge Morris be accounted a biography, for in it attention is directed so largely to the military side that the reader having this as his sole fount of information will fail to perceive in true perspective Wellington the Cabinet Minister, Premier, and Opposition Leader. Against this, on the other hand, we have in the closing chapter a most lucid and convincing estimate of the Duke's career and character—in fact, one of the best pen-portraitures we have seen in many a day. Nevertheless, this must be deemed chiefly a study of Wellington the soldier, and as such will be found a worthy companion volume to the Judge's "Napoleon," issued some time ago in this series. It embodies a vivid account of the battles and campaigns from Seringapatam to Waterloo, an informing discussion of a number of disputed questions in the history of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and vigorous pictures and estimates of the men with and against whom Wellington fought. The tone is judicially precise, the style of a military directness, the quality of thought clear—a combination insuring an eminently satisfactory production.

Winning His "W:" A Story of Freshman Year in College. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 308 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

World's Best Poetry (The). In Ten Volumes. Illustrated. Editor-in-Chief, Bliss Carman. Associate Editors, John Vance Cheney, Charles G. D. Roberts, Charles F. Richardson, Francis H. Stoddard. Managing Editor, John R. Howard. John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Woman Who Spends (The): A Study of Her Economic Function. By Bertha June Richardson, A.B. Whitcomb & Barrow, Boston. 5×7½ in. 147 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 6c.)

Work of the Prophets (The). By Rose E. Selfe. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 170 pages.

This is a convenient book for plain people and youth. It gives a clear outline of the character and work of the several prophets in the historical conditions of their time as understood by modern scholars.

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